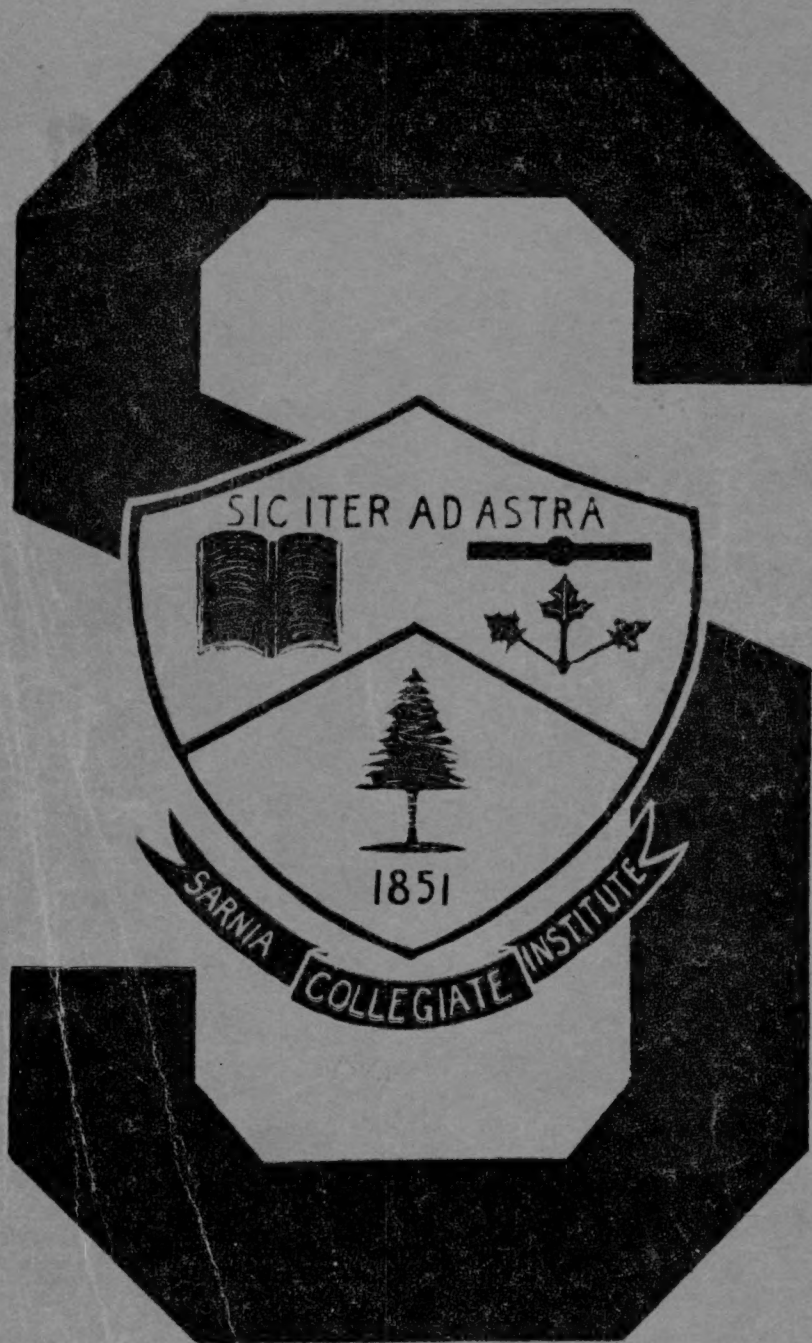


1930



970



*"Ye'll have to learn what ye can while the clothes last, — and now Ma, let's get them ready for school. Money's no good to us if we haven't education, and it's education we'll have now, every last wan of us. Times has changed for the Watsons! It seems as if the Lord sent us the money Himself, for He can't bear to have people ignorant if there's any way out of it at all, and there's nearly always a way if people'll only take it. So, Ma, get out a new bar of soap and let's get at them!"*

*— Pearl Watson in "The Second Chance" by Nellie McClung*

*Sarnia Business College*

# First in Sports and First in Scholarship

IS THE GOOD OLD S. C. I. AND ALL SARNIA IS PROUD  
OF THE FACT

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After school or after the game, visit our soda fountain, and enjoy a cool  
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QUALITY IS FIRST WITH US ALL THE TIME  
HOME MADE CANDIES "MADE-IN-SARNIA" ICE CREAM

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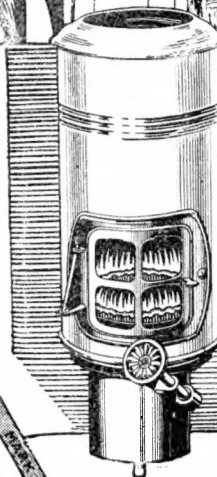


### THE LONG BLUE CHIMNEY BURNERS

—turn every drop of oil into clean, intense heat and drive it full force, directly against the utensil. None wasted—no smoke or odor. They give an abundance of perfect cooking heat for every purpose—delicious results!

Light and heat instantly—flame stays where set. 3,000,000 users.

*We'll be glad to give you a demonstration of this high searing flame.*



## Perfection Stove Co., Ltd.

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Made In Canada

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SARNIA

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—Dealer in—

Stoves, Tinware, Granite Ware, Furnace Work and General Tinsmithing

## Mackenzie, Milne and Co., LIMITED

Hardware, Gass and Oil Cook and Heating  
Stoves, Cutlery, House-Furnishing Hardware

MACKENZIE, MILNE &amp; CO., LIMITED

Front Street, Sarnia

Watson—"I saw a medical report last night that said that kissing is dangerous."

Carr—"Dangerous? I'll say it is—but not in the way the doctors mean."

PHIPPEN &amp; SIMPSON

To the Young Ladies of the Sarnia Collegiate:

Have Just Received a Considerable Quantity of—

## OLD IVORY FURNITURE

Very Chic, and very suitable for any room. Pay us a visit and see it.

PHIPPEN AND SIMPSON

SARNIA'S LEADING  
FURNITURE DEALERS

YOUR EYES ARE YOUR  
BREAD-WINNERS ————

If you suspect trouble let us  
examine them.

## ARTHUR W. WATERS

Jeweler and Optician

Successor to—

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DRESS GOODS  
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# Geddes Bros.

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Bell Annex

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## READY--- For Spring

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SARNIA'S LARGEST CLOTHIERS

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MEN WHO WISH TO LOOK YOUNG TO IN-  
SPECT OUR FINE SHOWING OF SUITS,  
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ESSORIES FOR SPRING.

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75 Years in Business and is a Purely Mutual Company

It is the largest Life Insurance Co. in America It is the largest Mutual Life Insurance Company in the World.

Assets . . . . .	\$995,087,285.00
Surplus . . . . .	\$172,310,871.00
Contingency Reserve for War, Epi- demics, Etc. . . . .	\$ 40,584,204.36

Out of 244 Life Insurance Companies in America, the New York Life Insurance Company has according to American Underwriters Pocket Chart for 1919:

- About One-seventh of the total Assets.
- About One-seventh of the total Liabilities
- About One-fourth of the total Surplus.
- About One-tenth of the total Insurance in force.
- Paid over One-tenth of all Death losses.
- Paid over One-fifth of all Dividends and
- At only One-fourth of the Total Expense.

This is why people prefer to carry their insurance in the New York Life.

L. D. CALDWELL

Phone 30

District Representative

Margaret—"Why don't you learn to skate, Wilfred?"

Rice—"I'm too fat."

Margaret—"That's no excuse."

Rice—"Well, that's why they won't let me in the rink, anyway."

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**W. J. I. PARSONS**

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stock is up- to-date and prices right

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*Pressed for* **37<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>c**

BY OUR TICKET SYSTEM

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105 S. Victoria St., Sarnia

## *Our New Spring Stock Is Complete*

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GENTLEMEN, LADIES AND CHILDREN  
WILL FIND COMPLETE SATISFACTION IN  
OUR SHOES. OUR SCHOOL SHOES ARE  
MADE BY THE BEST MANUFACTURERS  
AND YOU WILL FIND IN THEM THE VERY  
BEST QUALITY.

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Lining, Cement, Lime, Metal Lath, Etc., Etc.

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OUR MOTTO IS: "SERVICE"

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BUY SHOES

KENNEDY & McRURY ..... CHRISTINA STREET

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PRESCRIPTIONS compounded exactly as your physician orders  
them, from the purest drugs at the lowest prices, try us.

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Phone 165

Sarnia

188 Christina Street N.

P. S.—Wanted—Graduate of this year's class to learn drug business.  
apply to above.

Mr. Grant (as Pugh stalls in Latin translation)—“You're a blockhead  
Pugh! Now translate that next sentence.”

Pugh (translating)—“I believe what you say to be true.”

George Barge (in a heated argument)—“Aw, you're nuts ail right!”

Bruce Spears—“Thanks, old boy. Sorry I can't return the compli-  
ment. I have my doubts about your nut.”

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MANICURING ,SHAMPOOING AND WEAVING  
ELECTRIC FACIAL AND SCALP TREATMENT

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Miss Nichol—"In preparing for your Literature exam. read your selections aloud and note what strikes your ear."

Williams—"I tried that, and the first thing that struck my ear was the rolling pin."

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IMPERIAL CITY  
WOOLLEN STORE

## **David McGowan**

Proprietor

— THE LATEST STYLE IN —

## **DRESS SHOES**

### **For Young Men**

IN BLACK CALF

Reasonable at \$8.50 to \$13.00

SHOES IN MAHOGANY CALF  
IN ALL THE VERY LATEST  
STYLES—\$7.50 to \$14.00.

YOUNG MEN! The Spring Ox-fords are here. Come in and see them.

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**Minifie's Music House**  
204 Front St. North Sarnia



How do you like our Chocolate Soda? Delicious, isn't it? Everybody who tries it says so. As we make it ourselves, therefore can vouch for its purity, try a single glass, it will surely make you a steady patron.

**W. S. PITZER**

"Where quality meets economy."

## JEWELRY OF TO-DAY



is both attractive and artistic. The best examples of jewelry craftsmanship can be seen in our exhibit of diamond rings, brooches, etc. We shall be pleased and proud to show them to you. We invite a comparison of their originality quality and remarkable values.

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Issuer of Marriage Licenses  
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## Ed. Mackness

Domestic, Sanitary and  
Heating Engineer

We handle everything in the Heating and Sheet Metal Trade. If you have a small job or a large one it will receive the same careful attention. If we have worked for you before, there is nothing more to be said, we can come again. If you have not yet employed us you are missing something.

Call us up and see if that is not right.

## Ed. Mackness

Plumbing, Sheet Metal Work  
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Res. Phone 605 Office Phone 638  
Imperial Building, Sarnia, Ont.

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AND

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The older it gets the more it is appreciated.

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----- TRUSLER'S -----

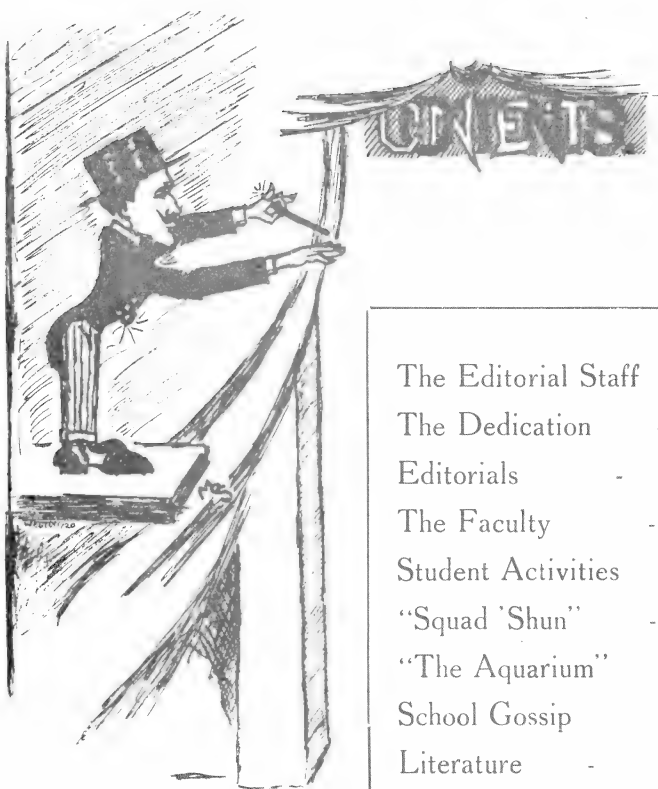
## CASH AND CARRY Groceries and Meats



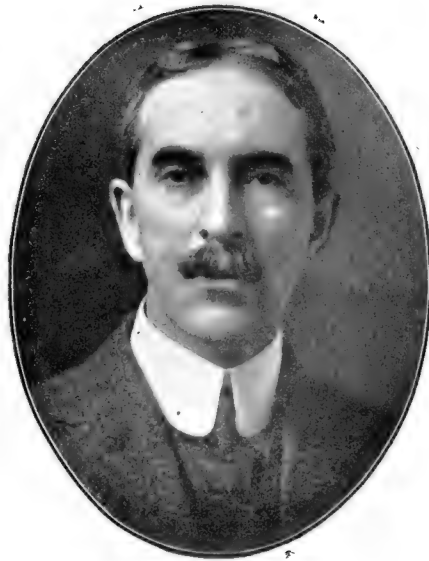
WHY LET THE HIGH COST OF LIVING WORRY YOU  
WHEN WE CAN SUPPLY YOUR WANTS IN GROC-  
ERIES AND MEATS AT VERY LOW PRICES. A  
TRIAL ORDER AT TRUSLER'S IS SURE TO PLEASE  
YOU : : :

**PHONE 999**

Orders \$2.50 and up, delivered free      Orders under \$2.50 a 5c fee  
OPPOSITE MARKET

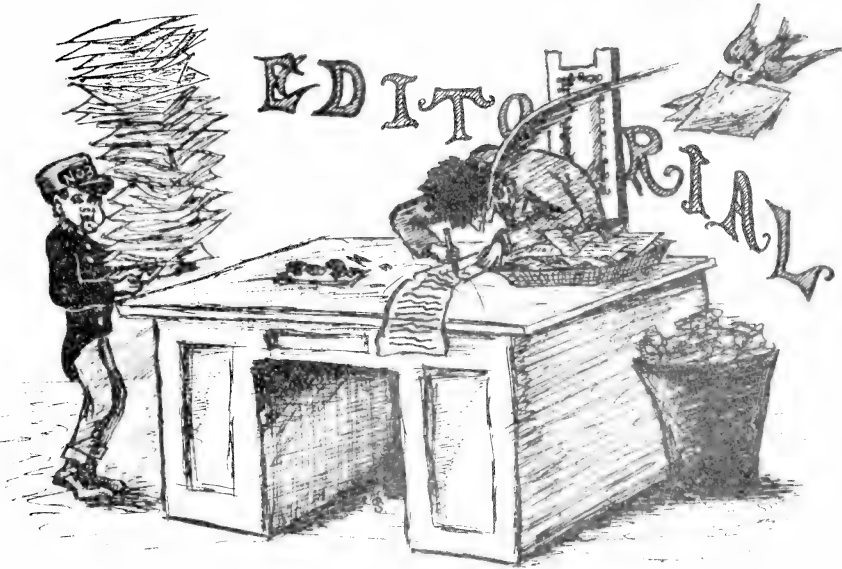


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#### DEDICATION

In appreciation of his long and faithful service at the S. C. I. and his interest in its student activities, we respectfully dedicate this issue to our Science Master  
**MR. W. A. DENT**



### FOREWORD

During the war period through which we have just passed and in whose aftermath we are still struggling, various activities in our Canadian schools were neglected for the duties which the conflict imposed upon us. In many cases everything except the necessary studies was discarded for patriotic work. All honour to such schools.

However, this was not the policy of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute. Though every department of our school life felt the heavy hand of war, no phase of activity suffered quite so much as the Literary. Those of us who were not yet old enough to answer our country's call to arms, cheerfully assumed the additional burdens which then fell upon our shoulders. Not only did the students who remained endeavour to maintain the high standard of former years, while doing their full share of patriotic work, but they also branched out into new lines.

This desire to demonstrate their ability to "carry on" found expression in the founding of our first Annual magazine at Xmas, 1914. The beneficial results of their labours are now self evident. Through five of the most crucial years in our country's history this organ has served as the means of stimulating interest in school work in the S. C. I. The boys on the firing line and in the fleet were kept in touch with the progress of the school through this medium. To the returned men, the glow of pleasure and gratitude which they felt at unexpectedly receiving copies of "The Collegiate" at a time when news from the homeland meant so much, and the eagerness with which its pages were read and re-read, will ever remain the most pleasant of memories.

Serving the best interests of the student body, "The Collegiate" this year aims particularly to develop a spirit of Canadianism among the younger generation. We plan to familiarize the students of the S. C. I. with the activities and problems of schools in every province of the Dominion through our enlarged Exchange Department. The inclusion of a Personal Section will, we trust, re-kindle the interest of our graduates in their Alma Mater.

These special features, in addition to the reviews of the various student activities, comprise an edition chronicling the events of a year which we hope has come up to the highest standards set by those gone before.

---

**CURRENT EVENTS — U. S. AND THE LEAGUE**

---

The negotiations which concluded hostilities in the Great War differ from any of the treaties or covenants of history. The main point of variance was indicated by W. H. Taft in his speech of March 4th, in this city. The spirit of the Covenant of the League of Nations is one of mutual trust, and the individual interpretations of its text are left to the sense of honour of the members. Formerly, disputes were decided by binding the conflicting parties to adhere to a few rigid provisions of a treaty. These treaties were drawn up by secret diplomacy and influenced by the selfish aims of the nations concerned. One of the essentials to the success of the League of Nations is the employment of open diplomacy.

Not less important are the other purposes of the League. It provides a means of reducing national armaments, a mutual guarantee of peace to the members, and a channel through which differences between nations may be settled peaceably by the united efforts of their brother nations.

With such benefits to be gained from participation in the League, the action of the United States in thus far declining to enter demands some explanation. Mr. Taft's exposition on each of the American reservations cannot be improved. The fourteen reservations proposed in the United States Senate may be divided into two groups. The first of these comprises six clauses dealing with the interpretation of the text of the Covenant. The United States wishes to limit the scope of the Covenant and reserve for her own decision certain questions which, she considers, belong to her domestic policy. Such problems as her withdrawal from the League, the settlement of internal difficulties, the policy of the Monroe Doctrine, and the appointment of representatives for the Assembly and Council of the League, she wishes to solve for herself. The fallacy of her argument is obvious. The League proposes to discuss only questions of international import. Problems regarding the tariff, immigration, coast trade and inland commerce are universally recognized as domestic issues, and hence would not be claimed in the province of the League.

The clauses of the second group Mr. Taft defined as the qualifying reservations. This includes the articles providing for the acceptance of mandates, the increase of armaments in the event of war or invasion, the assumption of responsibility to preserve the integrity of her fellow members of the League or to bear her share of its expense. This unworthy attitude of accepting the benefits while declining to assume the responsibilities of the League can scarcely be justified.

The only reservation for which Mr. Taft offered any justification was Article XIV. This has attracted such wide attention that the opposing arguments need only be mentioned. The United States Senate objects to the six dominions of the British Empire being represented in the League, on the ground that a tribunal containing six British votes could not be free from prejudice in the event of a dispute between Great Britain and the United States. Any true Canadian cannot fail to see the weakness of this argument. Lloyd George's conception of such a tribunal as one on which no representative who is interested in either disputant may sit, shows that a situation such as the Senate instances could not occur. Moreover, votes in the League are given to the small States of Central and South America, many of which, as Panama and Cuba, are virtual dependencies of the United States. In defence of their being represented while Canada is excluded, our southern neighbours declare their comprehension of Canadian problems and affirm that, in the event of a dispute between Canada and any of the Central American States, the sympathy of the United States would naturally be with us. Gratifying as is the present bond of understanding between United States and Canada, there is no guarantee that this state

will continue. Canada is surely entitled to the means to protect herself among the nations in the League.

During the Great War, Canada was recognized as a nation and as such operated on her own front in Flanders. Can justice now deny her a seat among her fellows?

### AN ENDOWMENT FUND FOR "THE COLLEGIATE"

A plan, which if carried out, will mean much to the success of future publications, has come to the notice of the staff. It is a permanent Endowment Fund, the interest from which will guarantee the cost of printing this magazine annually.

In past years it has been the custom to depend almost entirely upon the proceeds from our advertising columns to defray our expenses, and upon the income from the sale of the paper for our profit.

A much more businesslike method of publishing a periodical of this nature is to establish a fund which will always be a safeguard against loss. There are two ways through which, taken together, we can establish our paper on a firm business foundation. The first factor in carrying out this idea is to turn over the profits from the sale of the magazine to make up a portion of the principal. The net proceeds of last year's sale were one hundred and sixty dollars. Not a penny of this has been touched. Combined with this year's profits, which will be every bit as great, it will make a most substantial beginning for the Fund.

The other factor is Life Subscription. There are hundreds of graduates of the S. C. I. who would welcome this opportunity of assisting their former school and at the same time keeping in touch with the school life in which they once took an active part. In view of the fact that this magazine is constantly increasing in size and will become a semi-annual, instead of an annual edition, in the near future, the sum of ten dollars is not too much to ask for a subscription of this nature.

The advantage of this plan over the methods of previous years is evident to the casual observer. We do not anticipate raising the principal for this fund in this first year, or perhaps in even two or three years. However, as the fund grows the drain on our revenue will become less and our profits proportionately larger. This, in turn, will build up the principal with increasing rapidity, until finally the gross proceeds from our paper can be devoted to the enlarging of our totally inadequate library, and beautifying the school with reproductions from the world's famous artists.

### AN INTER-COLLEGIATE WIRELESS EXCHANGE

An interesting note comes to our attention in the columns of the "Acadia Athenaeum." An intercollegiate wireless exchange has been established in Nova Scotia.

The benefits of this innovation are especially impressed upon us on account of our somewhat isolated position on the western frontier of Ontario. The time and expense saved on letters, telegrams, and long-distance telephone calls would alone justify the existence of such a system of intercommunication. In addition, the interest awakened in the activities of fellow collegians would enable us to keep in touch with the latest developments in school life. Furthermore, such an arrangement would prove invaluable in keeping us posted on current events. The daily bulletins would attract many a student who never sees the inside of a newspaper.

In every school there are students whose talents lie along electrical lines. This addition would prove of value in creating an added zest for school life in these young students.

"The Collegiate" wishes to draw the attention of other Ontario

schools to this announcement. We would welcome any suggestions for perfecting such a plan for facilitating intercourse among our Collegiates. Congratulations, Nova Scotia!

---

### THE PATRONS OF "THE COLLEGIATE"

The students of the school have always had reason to feel that the business men of Sarnia are their sincere friends and well-wishers. Their sentiment towards the S. C. I. has been demonstrated again and again by their enthusiastic interest in athletics and other school activities. Their support of "The Collegiate" has been absolutely necessary to its publication, and has shown in the clearest way their attitude towards the school. The editorial staff wishes to heartily thank our advertisers for the material assistance which they so generously gave us in publishing this number of "The Collegiate."

We appeal to the students of the S. C. I. to remember these favours. The business men whose ads. appear in this magazine are worthy of your loyal support.

---

### HONOURS

Last year the three Carter Scholarships were the only ones won by S. C. I. students. This year the seventh Edward Blake Scholarship of one hundred and fifty dollars was added to these by Robt. MacDougall. Mr. MacDougall was ever foremost in his studies here and we wish him continued success in the larger sphere which he has now entered.

Miss Mary McGeachy is the winner of the first of the three Carter Scholarships, valued at one hundred dollars; Miss Harriet Brault, the second valued at sixty dollars; John Bell, the third, worth forty dollars. These students are deserving of the greatest praise, for to them goes the credit of upholding the honour of the school as one of the most progressive educational institutions in the province.

It is a matter for regret that we have no scholarships to offer for competition to those who intend taking a University course without first taking Honour Matriculation. This is not fair to our students.

For about a year, the question of a suitable Memorial for the Veterans of The Great War was a hotly debated one in this city. The business men of Sarnia, eager to show in a small way the appreciation they felt for the heroic sacrifices of our lads proposed to build a community hall. By this they hoped to supply a long felt need in Sarnia and at the same time to give expression to their gratitude. Unfortunately, comparatively few of the men had returned at that time and much opposition was shown to the scheme by some of those at the head of the local G.W.V.A. As a result the first scheme was dropped and an appropriation of \$15,000 was made from the War Chest Fund to found a Soldiers' Home. From this many have concluded that the soldiers and sailors wish something for themselves only. Doubtless, there are many thus inclined, but we do not believe that all, or even the majority, are of this selfish nature.

What more suitable memorial could we erect than one which would prove of increasing value as the years progress? "The Collegiate" would propose a memorial fund for a Scholarship to be competed for by any who wish to enter University after obtaining their Junior Matriculation Certificate. We feel confident that the Veterans would appreciate such a memorial as this, to perpetuate their deeds in the minds of coming generations of young Canadians and also to stimulate interest in advanced education. This added zest for educational enlightenment will be of infinite value to the community. We believe that nothing would be more accep-



table to our veterans, nor more beneficial to the interest of the country which they served so well, than such a memorial.

### ECONOMIC SITUATION

We have had the disadvantages of the present adverse Exchange rate on the British Pound Sterling and the Canadian Dollar dinned into our ears for so long that far too many have lost sight of the fact that the benefits outweigh the apparent losses.

After the cessation of hostilities too many of our people regarded Uncle Sam as a benevolent philanthropist who, having won (?) the war for us, was going to dig down in his pockets and assist in easing our financial embarrassments. The declaration of a four to six per cent. discount came as a rude shock to many such dreamers and the present high rate: has, we are glad to say, dispelled any false illusions which might have existed regarding Uncle Sam's decadence as a hard headed financier.

The country is not without those who loudly denounce our southern neighbours for their exactions from those who so recently were engaged in the life and death struggle for the principles of Democracy upon which the Government of the United States is based. These same people forget that less than six decades ago, as a result of one of the most bitter struggles ever waged on behalf of down-trodden humanity, American currency was at an even greater discount in our markets. Let us cease wasting sympathy on ourselves and deal with the facts as they confront us.

The most apparent benefit is increased business and prosperity of the retail merchants, particularly noticeable in border cities such as Sarnia. This is reflected by the increased output of our manufactures all over the country. The adverse exchange rate discourages the purchasing of raw materials in the United States. Therefore to supply the increased demand for their products, our industrial leaders are forced to develop more of our natural resources. Nor does the good effect cease here. The capitalists throughout the great British Commonwealth will now turn their energies to the opening up of new and hitherto unexploited parts of the Empire. Our captains of Industry will seek to work up the raw materials, unobtainable in their own districts, in parts of the Empire where labour is cheap.

To dispose of the surplus of our increased production the large firms, assisted by the government, are now seeking an outlet other than the United States of America. In this way we are working free from the state of Commercial dependency upon the United States which has existed so long to our great disadvantage.

Thus, by forcing an interest in our own hitherto neglected resources, and demonstrating the advantages of increased trade within the Empire, the present weakness of Canadian Exchange is proving a blessing in disguise.

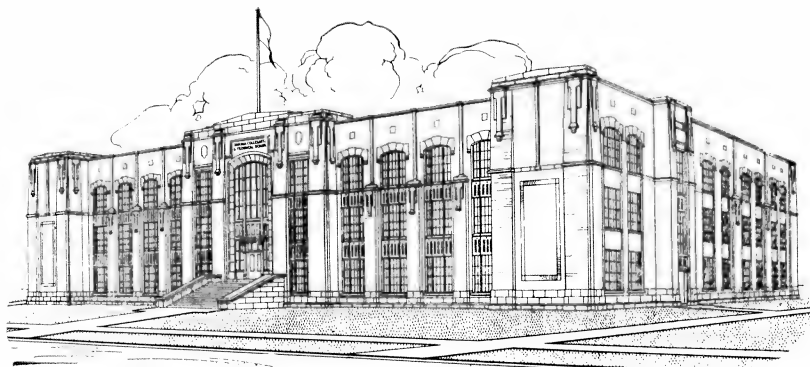
### SARNIA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, 1922

With the aid of a bewildering pile of blue-prints, we have been able to picture for ourselves the coming new school. Would you visit the S.C. I. of two years hence? This is at least part of what you will see.

The spacious entrance leads up a short flight of stairs, and lo!—not a cramped classroom or narrow corridor, but a lofty auditorium accomodating in the ground floor and galleries about eleven hundred persons. Investigating further, we examine the well-arranged stage with its dressing rooms on either side and its access to the gymnasiums below for the convenience of school dramatics. But to return. The reception room is at the right of the front entrance and beyond it we catch a glimpse of the

principal's sanctum and its adjoining secretary's office. We turn now to our left where we have detected a subdued hum of voices. Following the sound, we enter the library and see beyond busy groups preparing for the coming debate in the sunny reading rooms at either end.

We receive little attention because visitors to the new school are no rarity, so we wander out again and, coming upon a flight of stairs, descend to the ground floor. The cafeteria is closed since it is now long past lunch hour, but this is an advantage for it gives us an opportunity to examine at leisure the two long serving tables and the boys and girls lunch rooms. A door at the back of the serving room excites our curiosity. We open it to find that it leads down a few steps to the boys' gym, and at once we guess that the Rugby Banquet is no longer held down town. The girls' gym adjoining is fitted with the newest apparatus as completely as the boys'. A short examination of the dressing and shower rooms and we are at the swimming pool in the south wing. This we have heard is one of the



**The Proposed New Collegiate-Technical School, Sarnia**

largest in Ontario, measuring seventy-five by twenty-five feet, and in this airy room under the clear sky-lights it looks the part.

We try to find the particular door through which we entered the ground floor but apparently with poor success, for when we regain the first floor we are in a hitherto unexplored wing. A large room furnished with typewriters gives us our bearings at once. This is the Commercial Department! We pass three large classrooms and then poke inquisitive heads into a little room which proves to be occupied by the medical nurse. When we express a desire to examine the Science Rooms she obligingly escorts us to a wide stairway.

The west wing of the second floor is occupied by the Science Department. The Lower School students are given a classroom where they are initiated into the mysteries of Biology. The odorous fumes of the Chemical Laboratory are retained where they will not interfere with the efforts of the experimenters in the Physical Laboratory. The Upper School Zoologists perform their fell deeds upon frogs and crayfish in the privacy of their special room where they will not harrow the tenderer feelings of the Middle School students. In the lecture hall, theory is taught, though we suspect, too, that more than one social evening has been spent here by some enterprising form club.

The whole east wing comprises the Technical Department, reminding us that this building is not purely a Collegiate Institute, after all. The suite of rooms we find delightfully homelike and, after viewing the models in the dressmaking and millinery rooms, the ladies of the party decide at

once to enroll in the night classes to learn to make their own Easter bonnets. Again we descend to the first floor to make an interested survey of the downstairs portion of the Technical Department. The machine shop, auto and motor mechanics room, plumbing, steam fitting and electric wiring rooms are filled with complex apparatus.

Absorbed in our passing study of the unfamiliar machines we are surprised to find ourselves once more in the main corridor. We peep into several rooms opening off this hall and judge from their rows of shining desks that they are classrooms. Proceeding to the front entrance we again catch a glimpse of the reading room where the students are now one by one closing ponderous research volumes and preparing to leave. We walk down the broad steps, and, regaining the public thoroughfare, pause an instant to watch the lively play in the tennis courts and to admire the noble structure in its beautiful surroundings.

### THE FACULTY

The teaching staff of the school has undergone several changes during the past few months. When we resumed our studies in September after the all too short summer vacation, we missed four teachers whom we had grown to respect and admire. Miss Minnie Campbell, who has always been associated in school with Art and out of school with Tennis, gave up teaching to assume once more the role of a student in Queen's University. This College also claimed Mr. J. B. C. Runnings, whose cheery greeting and merry smile has been genuinely missed by every student in the school. Miss Lilian Campbell left to accept a position on a Toronto Collegiate staff and Miss Burke gave up her work in the Commercial Department.

Miss Gordon, who taught Junior Mathematics and Physical Culture last year is now filling the vacancy left by Miss Burke's departure. Four new faces appeared among the faculty and were expectantly scanned by the students on opening day. Our first Moderns lesson with Miss M. Carmen demonstrated her exceptional abilities. Miss Nichol quickly charmed every member of her Art classes. Mr. McLennan made ready friends in his Junior Mathematical classes, while Mr. Graham proved to be an able demonstrator of Senior Mathematics and an enterprising instructor in Physical Culture and Cadet Drill.

The new year saw additional alterations in our teaching staff. Miss Carmen was forced to resign on account of ill health and is now recuperating at her home in Iroquois. Her duties were taken up by Miss MacRae. Mr. McLellan also resigned, leaving his classes to the present instructor, Mr. Winhold.

The English classes throughout the school have suffered the loss of Miss Story who was forced to give up her work late in January. Since then, our classes have been conducted by several temporary substitutes, Miss D. Wade, Miss M. Cook and Mr. Reid of Victoria College, Toronto. We are expecting Miss Nicholson to teach English for the remainder of the term as soon as she is able to leave her present post.

The editors of "The Collegiate" have especially felt the loss of Miss Story, for it was to her that we looked for valuable assistance in compiling the magazine. On her resignation as Consulting Editor, Mr. Grant consented to undertake the duties of that office, and he with Mr. Brown has rendered valuable service in publishing this number.

Russell—"Aw, you girls don't know anything about the country. Did you ever see a horse stall?"

Myrtle—"No, but I've seen an auto stall."



### The Faculty

Standing: Miss MacRae (Moderns), Mr. Graham (Sr. Math. and Physical Training), Miss C. Nichol, Art,  
Miss M. Harris (History), Mr. Winhold (Jr. Math.), Miss M. Gordon (Com. Math.) Seated: W. A.  
Dent (Science), C. L. Brown. (Principal), D. M. Grant (Classics). Absent: Miss L. Cruickshanks  
(Commercial) Miss Story (English), Miss Nicholson (English)

## A VISIT TO THE RUGBY FIELD FIFTY YEARS LATER

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Thro' this old gate, falling shattered,  
Followed by a mighty roar  
That resounded to the heavens,  
"Poke" led forth his men to war.

And see these gaping tracks that run  
Right headlong thro' the wheat  
Oh, that was where the ground was plowed  
By Gabies' mighty feet.

And yonder by those poplars  
That proudly wave in air,  
The battered earth will tell you  
"Steam Roller" has been there.

Go ask the spreading maples  
What great deeds were done here,  
They will tell of Chic and Sproulie  
And the Smiling Cavalier;

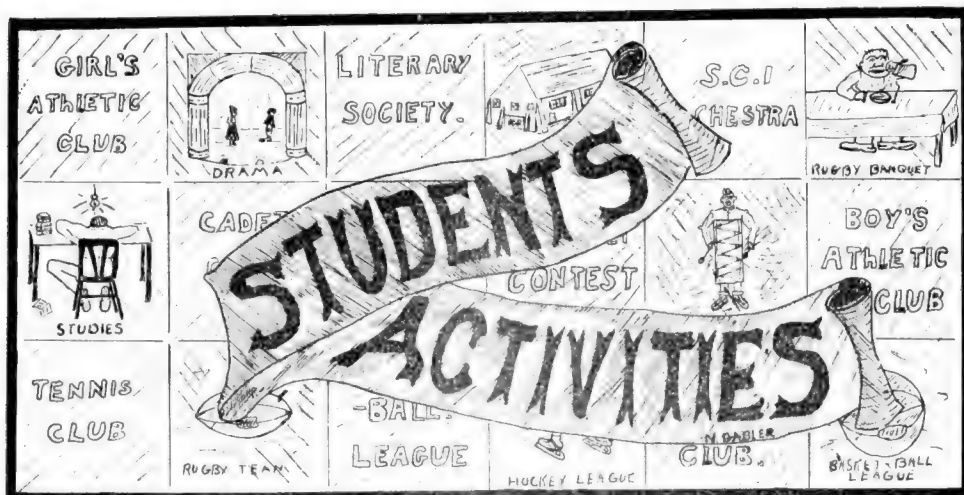
Of what by Orv. and Bruiser,  
In the good old days was done  
When Skipper used to demonstrate  
How the Jutland fight was won.

See here a bit of cotton wool  
That once was colored blue  
It belongs to the sweater of "Ritchie"  
Who did all a man could do.

This old wood, lying scattered  
It was once a high board wall,  
Remember yet how Sandy  
Used to punt that Rugby ball.

Remember yet old Rector  
As he charged and charged once more  
And Harry, Dutch and Johnny  
As down the field they tore.

Yes, although it lies deserted  
By this field we still are told  
Of Red and Fat and Pickles  
And those Rugby days of old.



### THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society is the one Society in the school in whose activities every student can participate. Throughout this year it has been possible for the executive to hold fortnightly meetings without a break in the schedule. The active interest of the students as a whole is the gratifying result of the efforts of the officers of the society. The system of semi-annual elections adopted in the fall, hampered the 1919 executive to a great extent in carrying out all that it had planned. Some of this work, however, is now being completed by the officers of 1920.

The first business discussed by the executive of the Fall Term was that of the purchase of a moving picture machine for the school. Owing to the expense involved, it was decided to take no action in the matter. Later the challenge of Port Huron High School to a debate was accepted. To the 1920 executive was left the task of appointing the editorial staff of "The Collegiate" in consultation with Miss Story and Mr. Brown. From this executive also was chosen the committee to draw up a permanent constitution for the Society.

It has been the aim of both executives to foster a feeling of responsibility on the part of every member for the success of the various meetings. When the freshmen of the school were asked to provide a programme they responded by furnishing a "Dickens" Afternoon. Besides readings and solos, several skits and impersonations from Dickens were cleverly enacted. A reliable test of the quality of school spirit prevalent among us is the impromptu speech meeting. From this standpoint as well as from an entertaining and instructive point of view, the "impromptu" meeting of February was highly successful. Perhaps the most enthusiastic meeting of the year was held during the Rugby season, when George Hamilton and Dave Howard led the whole society in practising the school yells. This "pep" half hour had a marked effect upon the volume of sound produced at the game on the following Saturday.

The Literary programmes throughout the year have been varied by an excellent quality of music. The musicians of the school have responded generously to every request for numbers. Piano, violin and vocal solos and duets have figured at every meeting. A feature of one of the meetings in October was a Hawaiian Guitar Duet rendered by Verna Fraser and Addie Bennett. At a recent meeting the members of the Literary were

given a musical treat when the "Basney String Trio" supplied several numbers on the programme. Despite its grandiloquent title the Trio was found to be composed of none other than Jean Conn, Ted Newton, mandolins, and Verna Fraser, guitar.

With the object of promoting public speaking several prominent speakers of the city were secured to address the members at various meetings. Our worthy Latin professor, Mr. D. M. Grant, was the first of these. His talk on the "Purposes and Benefits of the Literary Society" was delivered especially to the Freshmen who had been lately enrolled in the Society. "Citizenship" was the theme of an instructive address delivered by Rev. R. R. McKay, B. A., who emphasized the fact that true citizenship is the mean between anarchism and socialism. Later in the term, Mr. F. F. Pardee, M. P., on "Our Country and Our Duty as Canadians" was an inspiration to every student of the school. The 1920 executive secured as their first outside speaker, Rev. C.S. Lord of Point Edward. His excellent remarks on "Discipline" were well received by the Society.

The students themselves have also furnished some of the year's speeches. Wilfred Haney gave an interesting description of his experiences in Persia at one of the first meetings of the Literary Society. It was not until February that Hardy Hill could be persuaded to disclose the facts of his sailor life, but the account was well worth waiting for.



#### 1919 Literary Executive

Standing : Margaret McMann, Catherine LeBel, Carl Manore, Margaret Deans, Elgin Turnbull. Seated: Grace Sharpe, Hardy Hill, President; Ted Newton, Mina Knowles.



### Literary Society Elections

The first meeting of the Literary Society was an enthusiastic one, and the nominations were carried on in spirited style. "Smut" Haney, who, on returning from overseas, had again temporarily entered our halls of learning, was unanimously elected Honorary President. Candidates for the presidency were nominated in rapid succession. The decision of the election which took place two days later, fell on Hardy Hill. In appreciation of her competent work on the 1918 executive, Mina Knowles was unanimously re-elected to the office of Vice-President. Ted Newton was elected to fill the office of secretary, and famed as a Treasurer of other organizations, Grace Sharpe defeated her fellow nominees for that office.

To complete the executive, a boy and girl representative from each form were elected:

Upper School—M. Deans; C. Manore.

Middle 2—C. LeBel; E. Turnbull.

Middle 1—M. McMann; H. McCobb.

Lower 5—F. Taylor; C. Grace.

Lower 4—K. Clark; C. Garvie.

Lower 3—D. French; W. McCracken.

Lower 2—J. Woodwark; N. Gabler.

Lower 1—O. McGrath; D. Mackenzie.



1920 Literary Executive

Standing: Mary McGeachy, Ted Newton, Marion Patton, Keith Watson, Bernice Knowles. Seated: Bessie Grace, Johnny LeBel, Carl Manore, President; Lilian Fuller.



Sr. Commercial—H. Pethke; F. MacDonald.

Jr. Commercial—A. Smith; G. Morrison.

At this meeting Mr. Brown suggested that different executives be elected for two divisions of the year. Accordingly, the above executive held office only until January.

On January 8th, 1920, the new executive was elected. The society chose for its Honorary President, its best friend and most unselfish supporter, Miss Gladys Story. Our efficient ex-president, Hardy Hill, surrendered his office to Carl Manore and Lilian Fuller won in the contest for Vice-President. Ted Newton and Grace Sharpe were succeeded respectively by Johnny LeBel and Bessie Grace.

New form representatives were also elected:

Upper School—M. McGeachy; K. Watson.

Middle 2—M. Patton; T. Newton.

Middle 1—B. Knowles; H. Randolph.

Lower 5—H. Elnor; G. Simpson.

Lower 4—E. Willson; J. Goodison.

Lower 3—D. French; G. Moore.

Lower 2—J. Manning; G. Workman.

Lower 1—G. Gibb; D. Mackenzie.

Sr. Commercial—G. Bedard; F. Gigax.

Jr. Commercial—D. Tully; B. Tully.

#### ORATORICAL CONTEST—NOV. 27, 1919

We had convincing evidence of the growth of the school when we were forced to secure the City Hall in which to hold our annual Oratorical Contest. The large attendance of outsiders showed a gratifying interest in school activities among the citizens of Sarnia.



Silver Medallist in Oratory  
**Lizzie Haney**

Four students were competing for the prize in oratory, and five for those in elocution. The only contestants for elocutionary honours were

girls. Margaret Deans made a charming French Mademoiselle, as she touchingly related the trying experiences of her first visit to England. "Peggy" completely captivated the audience, and carried off the prize of five dollars donated by Mr. "Davy" Corcoran. Helen Workman received the prize of two dollars donated by the Literary Society, for her recitation, "The Christening." The subjects of the other speakers varied widely. Anna Mitten aired the prejudices of an old maid, Winnifred Bell impersonated an indecisive shopper, and Elva Haney reproduced a rough mining scene.

The Pardee Gold Medal for Oratory was awarded to Hardy Hill. "Skipper" disclosed much valuable information in the discussion of a subject of world-wide interest, and added interest and colour to the problems of "The Irish Question" by frequent references to his personal experiences. The Silver Medal donated by the Literary Society was awarded to the sole representative of the girls in the field of Oratory. Miss Lizzie Haney's speech on "Bolshevism" was delivered in her usual convincing style. Ted Newton kept the audience keenly interested until the very end of his speech on a rather unusual subject, "The Biography of Marcus Tullius Cicero." Bruce Carruthers also chose an original theme for his address. His discussion of "The Natural Resources of Canada" was highly instructive.

The number taking part in the Oratorical Contest is increasing annually, and this event now occupies a prominent position among the public functions of the school.

### COMMENCEMENT

The City Hall, on the evening of December the 19th, was the scene of the Commencement Exercises which surpassed any hitherto held at the S. C. I. The school attended en masse. Innocent Freshies were there; saucy Sophs were there; frivolous Juniors were there; dignified Seniors were there. The front row was filled with enthusiastic alumni, and the spare corners of the hall were packed with the ardent supporters of the school among the citizens of Sarnia.

Besides the presentation of prizes and diplomas, which always occupies the most prominent place in the programme, two dramatic skits and one dancing number added greatly to the entertainment of the evening.

In "Peggy's Predicament," Bernice Knowles made a characteristic recent bride, entangled in the intricacies of preparing lunch for Hubby's mother. Audrey Rhodes, her sister, and Melba Brown, her cousin, endeavoured to improve the situation by discharging the cook. The independent suffragette, Margaret Deans, with her sister, Bessie Grace, burst in just at this critical moment, however, and proceeded to prepare lunch. By their amusing attempts at cooking, the performers kept the audience thoroughly entertained.

The second skit was of a totally different character. Marion Patton and Verna Fraser were proverbial old maids vainly endeavouring to "tone down" their giddy younger sister, Lillian Fuller. Preparations were being made for the reception of the mysterious "Tom", who was believed by each sister to be a different person—an old man, a little boy, and a handsome young man, "with whiskers!" Great was the consternation when Tom arrived—a cat!

The most beautiful piece of interpretative dancing ever seen in the school was "The Changing of the Seasons," which was executed by twelve girls on Commencement evening. F. Taylor, G. Gibb and C. Towers, all in green, gayly danced spring away. They were succeeded by three Summers, L. Fuller, B. Knowles and C. LeBel, clad in delicate pink and green. Then followed the brilliant autumns, L. Cook, E. Willson and M. Kerr, scattering

glowing leaves over the heads of the Springs and Summers. Last of all, the three Snows, E. Burge, R. Simpson, and J. Conn, emerged in long white robes, to soothe to sleep the Springs, Summers and Autumns. Enthusiastic applause greeted the clever performance, and an encore was witnessed by the audience with great appreciation.

The speech of the evening was the Valedictory Address by Robert MacDougall, now of University College, Toronto. He emphasized as a necessary stimulant for an active school spirit, the organization of some form of Student Government in the school.

The presentation of prizes and diplomas was, of course, the event of the evening. The Upper School Winners were:

Mary McGeachy—First Carter Scholarship, \$100.

Harriet Brault—Second Carter Scholarship, \$60.

John Bell—Third Carter Scholarship, \$40.

It was announced that Robert MacDougall had won the Seventh Edward Blake Scholarship of \$150, for General Proficiency. This prize was presented at the University of Toronto.

#### Middle School.

Park Jamieson—Dr. Wilkinson prize for General Proficiency, \$15.

William Mitchell—Dr. Bell prize for Classics, \$10.

Miles Gordon—F. J. Morris prize for Third Year Science, \$5.

Lower School. Prizes donated by Mrs. W. J. Hanna

Second Year, \$10—Louis Galloway.

First Year, \$10—Kathleen Clark.

Second, \$5—George Simpson.

Shield, donated by Lower One, for the best student in that form—Hibbert Corey.

Commercial Department. Prizes for General Proficiency

Donated by Mrs. Geo. S. Samis

Senior, \$5—Ada Virgo.

Junior, \$5—Thelma Grainger.

#### Oratory

First—Pardee Gold Medal—Hardy Hill.

Second—Literary Society Silver Medal—Lizzie Haney.

#### Elocution

First Prize, \$5, Donated by Mr. D. Corcoran—Margaret Deans.

Second Prize, \$2 Donated by Literary Society—Helen Workman.

#### Penmanship

Prizes donated by Mr. Robt. Kerr for the three best male writers in the Collegiate.

First, \$5—Wilfred Rice.

Second \$3—Clifford Carter.

Third \$2—Gordon Gardiner.

#### Medals for Field Day

Donated by Board of Education.

Senior Championship, Boys,—J. B. LeBel. Girls—Lilian Fuller.

Junior Championship, Boys—Charles Grace. Girls—Ione Caldwell.

Form Championship—Upper School.

#### Victory Loan Essay Competition

Upper School, Silver Medal—Lilian Fuller.

Bronze Medal—Alice Callum.

Middle School, Silver Medal—Melba Brown. Bronze Medal—Walter Potter.

Lower School, Silver Medal—Marjorie McLennan. Bronze Medal, Florence Chong.

The presentation of Diplomas was as follows:

Senior—John Bell, Harriet Brault, Edward Ferguson, Mary McGeachy.

Junior—Addie Bennett, Alice Callum, Margaret Clark, Mary Clark, Mary Conn, Frank Cowan, Margaret Deans, Verna Fraser, Anna Gabler, Russell Harkness, Park Jamieson, Marjorie Kerr, Thomas Lucas, Edward McCobb, Eileen McDonald, Mildred McDonald, Clara McFerran, Margaret McKay, Helen McKim, William Mitchell, Marion Radford, Winsome Pendergast, Aileen Richardson, Helen Saurwein, Keith Watson, Beatrice Wilson, Effie Wray.

Commercial—Margaret Barclay, Olive Beatty, Gretta Bedford, Helen Brown, Jean Bulman, Leatha Clark, Gertrude Cleford, Bessie Fisher, Helen Fulcher, Grace Gardiner, Jean Kilbreath, Marjorie Lambert, Alma Langlois, Jessie McInnis, May McKeown, Muriel McMillan, Mabel Miller, Helen Simpson, Vera Smith, Myrtle Tricker, Ada Virgo, Mary Wadham, Frank Wise.

### DEBATING IN THE SCHOOL

Although debating is still not as important a factor in our school life as it might be, more interest is being shown in this department this year than last year.

Almost every class club has held numerous debates, the majority discussing current subjects. In some of the clubs impromptu debates are held to develop quickness of thought and speech.

At one of the early Literary Meetings, two teams from Middle 2 debated on the subject, "Resolved: That Student Government in Collegiate Institutes is More Beneficial than Government by the Faculty." The affirmative side was composed of Jessie McGeachy, Grace Sharpe, and Ted Newton, while Margaret McLean, Ivan Caldwell and Basil LeBel upheld the negative. The decision was given in favour of the negative by a small majority.

In the month of November, a challenge was received from the debating team of the Port Huron High School House of Representatives, Port Huron, Michigan. Home-and-home debates were arranged for the month of February and a suitable subject was chosen. However, when the vaccination ban was imposed at the border, the debates had to be postponed. In all probability these debates will be held some time in May.

Although an invitation was extended to us to join the Western Ontario Interscholastic Debating League, we decided that, on account of the distance separating us from the other members of the League, it would not be advisable to enter a team.

### G. A. A.

At the opening of the new session in September, all the girls of the school assembled to reorganize the G. A. A., and elect new officers for the ensuing year. The interest, as usual, was very keen. The successful candidates for the various offices were:

Margaret Deans—President.

Bessie Grace—Vice-President.

Mina Knowles—Secretary.

Grace Sharpe—Treasurer.

Each form is represented on the Executive by one member—Upper School, Margaret Clark; Middle II, Jessie McGeachy; Middle I, Leila Fraser; Lower 5, Margaret Dawson; Lower 4, Verna Kirkpatrick; Lower 3, Mary Heffron; Lower 2, Kathryn McEachon; Lower 1, Margaret Wilson; Sr. Commercial, Ruth McDonald; Jr. Commercial, Louise McDonald.

The G. A. A. is the universal association through which the girls of

the school organize all their social functions and athletic activities. Of the success of the social life, such events as the Freshettes' Reception are a pleasing witness. That the sporting life of the girls is an active one is proven by the existence of the clubs associated with the G. A. A.—Basketball, Hockey, Tennis and Outdoor.



#### G. A. A. Executive

Standing: Margaret Clark, Leila Fraser, Mina Knowles, Jessie McGeachy.  
Seated: Grace Sharpe, Margaret Deans, President; Bessie Grace.

#### Tennis Club 1919-20

With the general reorganization of all clubs at the beginning of a new session, a new executive was elected to carry on the work of the Tennis Club for the year. An unusually large crowd assembled for the elections, and all were very enthusiastic. The offices were won by Ted Newton, President; Helen Workman, Vice-President; Mary McGeachy, Secretary; Neal Gabler, Treasurer. To the executive is added one representative from each form. Upper School, Keith Watson; Middle II, Marion Patton; Middle I, Bernice Knowles; Lower 5, Florence Buckindail; Lower 4, Orville Johnson; Lower 3, Frances Grace; Lower 2, Mary McDonald; Lower 1, Kenneth Owens; Sr. Commercial, Addie Bennett; Jr. Commercial, G. Luckhurst.

It was attempted to make tennis doubly attractive this year by having a tournament before Christmas, as well as the usual one in the spring. Accordingly, the executive worked very hard in drawing up sets for a tournament, and all seemed favourable, when, just as the court was marked

and the net up, down poured the autumn rains! Our court was spoiled and our hopes dashed, but, in spite of the discouraging opening in the fall, we are looking forward to a splendid lively tournament in the spring.

### THE BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The annual meeting of the Boys' Athletic Association was held a few days after school opened in the fall. All boys' athletics in the school are under the general management of this society, and, this year's B.A.A. has been one of the most active in the history of the school. In the events such as Field Day, in which both girls and boys participate, the Boys' Athletic Association works in conjunction with the Girls' Athletic Association.

The Officers elected for 1919-20 are:

President—A. S. Hardy Hill.

Vice-President—Kenneth McGibbon.

Secretary—Basil LeBel.

Treasurer—Ted Newton.

The form representatives for the year are—Upper School, C. Manore; Middle Two, I. Caldwell; Middle One, N. Weston; Lower Five, C. Grace; Lower Four, O. Johnson; Lower Three, F. Pugh; Lower Two, H. VanHorne; Lower One, N. Saylor.



#### B. A. A. Executive

Standing: Fred Pugh, Orville Johnston, Ivan Caldwell, Carl Manore, Norman Weston, Norman Saylor. Seated: Johnny LeBel, Kenneth McGibbon, Charles Grace, Hardy Hill, President; Ted Newton, Harold VanHorne.

### Rooters' Club

Although no separate Rooters' Club was organized this year, the Literary Society as a whole was formed into an active cheering body. At one of the meetings of the Society, a "pep" half-hour was held, when old yells were practised and new ones learned. Since then, the boys have met frequently to practise the school yells for the hockey and basketball games.

Never will any participant in the rugby games of last Fall forget the sight and sound of the long lines of enthusiastic students on both sides of the field, giving the school yells with a vim that inspired the players to their greatest effort. In Basketball, the gymnasium has rung with the sound of S. C. I. cheering, while during the finals of the City Hockey League, a large portion of one side of St. Andrew's Arena was occupied by a crowd of Collegiate rooters, who followed the energetic example set by their cheer leaders with the aid of megaphones.

George Hamilton, David Howard, John Richardson and William Donohue were appointed cheer leaders for the year and much credit is due them for the enthusiastic manner in which they have carried out their duties.

### OUR ALIBI

Audacious Middle or Lower School students have at various times presumed to call attention to the immaterial fact that, although Upper School is the highest form in the school, and occupies a privileged sanctum in "the little room off the office" it has no special club organization of its own. This they declare, means that we do nothing. While our only feeling toward such agitators is one of tenderest pity, yet we cannot but be deeply pained by their scathing criticisms.

Now, the Upper School is a small and select form, comprising only fifteen illustrious members. It is true that many of these, especially those taking only one Part, have many studies in which club duties might be transacted—but, then, there are so many things to talk about! There are a few industrious students who are doing more work than the majority of us, and this minority we are accustomed to hold up as representing the spirit of our form. If we are not all busy with school work, we are engaged in so many projects throughout the institute, that we have not time for a separate organization within the form.

If you doubt our statements read this column:

Mary McGeachy—Editor of "The Collegiate," Upper School representative on the Literary Executive. Convener of the Constitution Committee for the Lit., Convener of the permanent Literary Program Committee, Secretary of the Tennis Club, Member of Refreshment Committees every time we have eats, and of Decoration Committee whenever we decorate.

Mina Knowles—Literary Editor of "The Collegiate", Secretary of the G.A. A., Vice-President of 1919 Literary Executive, Convener of Entertainment Committees whenever we entertain.

Carl Manore—President of the Literary Society, Advertising Manager of "The Collegiate," Upper School representative on B. A. A., Second Lieutenant in Cadet Corps, "Steam Roller" on the Rugby Team and always conspicuous at the Rooters' Club demonstrations.

Lillian Fuller—Vice-President of the Literary Society, Sports Editor of "The Collegiate", Guard on Girls' Basketball Team, Left Wing on "Humbugs" Hockey Team, and an authority on athletics generally.

Keith Watson—Alumni Editor of "The Collegiate", Upper School representative on 1920 Literary Society Executive, Upper School representative on Tennis Club Executive, First Lieutenant on Cadet Corps, Spare on the Rugby Team.



"Dadie" Clark—Captain of Girls' Basketball Team and R. Wing on "Humbugs" Hockey Team.

Margaret Deans—President of the G. A. A., Upper School representative on the 1919 Literary Executive, and plays Defence on the "Gum-drops" Hockey Team.

Verna Fraser—Member of the famous "Basney String Trio."

Helen Lockie—Upper School representative on "The Collegiate" Staff, sends in "peppy" jokes.

Gordon Carr—Played Middle Wing on the Rugby Team.

Alice Callum—Defence on the "Humbug" Hockey Team.

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## FORM CLUBS

### Middle II Class Club

At the opening of the new session, in September, following the custom of former years, an English Club was formed for the conduction of composition work throughout the term among the Middle II Students. Johnny LeBel secured the keenly-contested office of President, and from the many other nominees, John Baldwin was elected Vice-President, and Jessie McGeachy Secretary-Treasurer.

The first round of Oral Compositions was conducted by the Club before Christmas. Subjects of current interest, such as "The Present German Army," "The Condition of the Balkan States," "Japanese Customs," "Navigation on the Great Lakes," were discussed in very interesting style.

The work in Supplementary Reading also, was rendered interesting and instructive by having the students review their books orally before the Club for the benefit of all the members. Outside reading was begun, but in the short time that remained before Christmas, "The Other Wise Man," by VanDyke was the only book studied.

Two debates were held during the fall session, "Resolved: That Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic should be Adopted as a National Measure," and "Resolved: That Labour Unions as they now exist are a Benefit." Both were well prepared, and the concise, logically arranged arguments on both sides showed the gratifying results of the careful research work fostered in all departments of the Club's Activities.

### Junior Class Notes

Middle One holds the record of the school for the year, since it operates two active class clubs. These organizations divide the official honours by semi-annual, instead of annual elections.

### Middle One Reading Club

The Middle One Reading Club was organized in September for the Fall Term with the following officers:—President, Harry McCobb; Vice-President, Bernice Knowles; Secretary, Ross Harkness.

Questions vital to Canadians have been debated, and other miscellaneous subjects have been studied, but the greater part of the time is spent in reviewing numerous books read by the members. At present, a systematic study of China is being followed. This will be extended to include a review of other countries. Many meetings are held featuring impromptu speeches and debates. It was under the auspices of this society that the memorable Middle One Weiner Roast took place at the Lake on October 14th. Late in December, the executive for the Winter term was elected, comprising the following :— President, Bruce Carruthers; Vice-President, Bessie Grace; Secretary, Ross Hayes.



### **The Middle One Current History Club**

Either with the purpose of opposing or co-operating with the Reading Club, the Middle One Current History Club was organized early in the Fall term with the following officers:—President, Harry Randolph; Vice-President, Melba Brown; Secretary, Jean Conn; Treasurer, Fred Simpson.

The Club was founded for the discussion of current history, and, to this end, magazine or newspaper articles are prepared for club sessions, when they are either read or reviewed for the benefit of the members. Several debates involving a large amount of research work have been held on present day subjects. The officers elected for the Winter Term are: President, Walter Potter; Vice-President, Bernice Knowles; Secretary, George Barge; Treasurer, Bruce Spears.

### **SOPHOMORE NOTES**

#### **Lower IV "Three-in-One Club"**

Lower IV is composed of students from all three of last year's forms, hence they have uniquely dubbed their class organization the "Three-in-One" Club.

On September the 12th, 1919, elections were held, and an executive body, composed of Hibbert Corey, President; Verna Kirkpatrick, Vice-President; and Edward Hanna, Secretary-Treasurer; was inaugurated. Later in the year new officers were elected. This time the honours were conferred upon Elizabeth Willson, President; Alex. MacDonald, Vice-President; and Orville Johnson, Secretary-Treasurer.

The main purpose of the club is to review books and the extent of work along this line is most commendable. Besides miscellaneous ones, many books based on Geographical themes, such as "South America", "Mexico," and "The Exploration of Africa," have supplied sources of valuable information.

#### **Lower V Alpha Beta Kappa Club**

In Lower V, Miss Nichol's composition classes are conducted under the class organization, the "Alpha Beta Kappa Club," which was instituted early in October of 1919. The officers elected for the fall term were, Miss Nichol, Honorary President; Hazel Elnor, President; Charles Grace, Vice-President; Freida Taylar, Secretary-Treasurer.

At the beginning of the new year, these were succeeded by Miss Nichol Honorary President; Charlie Grace, President; Lester Wemple, Vice-President; Thomas Elliott, Secretary-Treasurer. A permanent programme committee, consisting of four members, arranges for the features of the regular meetings.

Apart from performing the prescribed work in Composition, the Alpha Beta Kappa Club aids greatly in training the students in impromptu and public speaking, and in debating procedure.

### **THE FRESHMAN ORGANIZATIONS**

#### **Lower I Reading Club**

On their entrance into the school, the Freshmen of Lower I organized a very progressive Reading Club for the conduction of Supplementary Reading in their form. The officers selected for the Fall Term were: Pres., Bob. Wilkinson; Vice-Pres., Olive McGrath; Sec.-Treas., David Mackenzie. For the Winter Term new officers were elected. Gladys Gibb, was chosen President, Edward Robinson, Vice-President and Olive McGrath, Secretary-Treasurer.

The large number of authors studied by the Club include Robert Louis

Stevenson, Longfellow, Tennyson, Coleridge and attest to its energetic work in Supplementary Reading.

Under a systematically-arranged outline, instructive talks were delivered on varied subjects, among which were, "Point Edward," "Corunna," "Battle Creek," "Italy," and "Air Raids in England."

#### **Lower 2 "Sunshine Club"**

The students of this bright form concentrate their energies in the study of English in a "Sunshine Club," radiating good cheer and valuable information. Separate executives operate the institution for the respective terms. For the Fall Term the elected body consisted of Jean Manning, President, Neal Gabler, Vice-President, and Gleed Workman, Secretary-Treasurer. In the Winter Term these surrendered their offices to Neal Gabler, President; Jean Manning, Vice-President, and Helen Murphy, Secretary-Treasurer.

Their study of class work is carried on in a most interesting form. Besides the regular study, outside reading of classic and modern authors has been successfully instituted.

#### **Lower 3 "Top Story Club"**

Occupying its lofty position on the third story of the building, Lower 3 performs its duties in Supplementary Reading in the capacity of the "Top Story Club". The officials of this elevated organization for the Fall Term were: Lorne Sproule, President; Mary Heffron, Vice-President; and Frances Grace, Secretary-Treasurer. In the Winter Term, the honours were passed on to Orme Seward, President; Dorothy Vince, Vice-President, and Katherine Heffron, Secretary-Treasurer.

In their class meetings they have studied in particular the works of Dickens and Tennyson. Contributions from the members have also added greatly to the interest and instructiveness of the programmes.

#### **Commercial Class Notes**

The Commercial School's Class Club has taken the most original form of any in the Institute. All the students in both Senior and Junior Commercial are members of the "Hiking Club." The executive consists of Ella Price, President; and Agnes Smith Secretary-Treasurer. The club plays a very important part in the social life of the "Commercials" in organizing entertainments, "hikes," "Weinie" and marshmallow roasts. For chaperons, Miss Cruickshank and Miss Gordon render their appreciated services, accompanying the members of this active club on their tours of Lake Huron Beach and surrounding country.

### **SOCIAL EVENTS**

#### **The Athletic Banquet, 1919**

Towards the end of February, 1919, the Athletic Banquet of the year was held in the Dominion Cafe. It was a combined gathering of the Rugby, Hockey, and Basketball teams of the year, with a few chosen guests. Perhaps the most honoured of these was a certain important gentleman named "Davy", who is one of the most ardent supporters of sport in the school.

After about thirty hungry youths had consumed the excellent repast, the nominations for Captain of the Rugby Team for 1919-20 took place, and Kenneth (Poke) McGibbon was elected. The Captain of the 1918-1919 team, Edward Ferguson, occupied the post of honour as chairman, and, after the election, he called upon the different members of the teams for speeches. All agreed in predicting that 1919-20 would be a most successful season in Athletics. At a late hour the gathering disbanded until another year should roll by.

### The "At Home" 1919

The great social event of the 1918-1919 school year was the annual "At Home." This was held shortly after Easter in the Assembly Hall, as, for the first time in the history of the S.C.I., the Board had granted permission to dance in the school.

As each student arrived, he was presented with a number, and, this number determined to which group he belonged. One group started at the ground floor of the building and, with the co-operation of a teacher, played games until a bell was rung. Then the group ascended to the next floor, where different games were played. When each succeeding group had finished playing card games on the top floor, the final signal was given, and refreshments, in the form of sandwiches, cake, ice cream and coffee were served.

Those who did not wish to remain for the dance, left as soon as the refreshments had been served. Needless to say, the number of those who left was not great. The music was supplied by Miss Helen Hamilton at the piano, and the indispensable "George" with traps, drums and smile. Those who did not dance indulged in card games in the alcoves and corners or watched the gaily-attired couples glide by. The hall was filled with gracefully moving couples until shortly before midnight, when the party broke up and departed homeward.

Thus ended the one social event of the year which will always be remembered by freshmen and seniors alike as one of the happiest incidents of departed school days.

### Freshettes' Reception

Early after the opening of school, in the fall, rumors of the Freshettes' Reception began to be whispered among secret conclaves of Seniors, who on the timid approach of wide-eyed Freshettes, immediately placed their fingers on their lips. The curiosity of the boys was also tantalizingly aroused, but they had to content themselves with being vouchsafed the honour of carrying to the Assembly Hall ladders, hammers, and nails for the decoration committee.

In the evening of October the 18th, the hall was resplendent in the decorations upon which the girls had worked for hours. The entrances were gracefully draped with dark evergreen boughs, with bright red berries and salvia peeping from the drooping verdure. The alcoves were converted into inviting cosy corners, the sharp angles prettily softened with bunting, and the green walls hidden by autumn leaves. Bright berries against a background of sumac, radiators transformed into banks of leaves, cushions in the corners, pictures festooned with bright branches, lights softened with dull orange shades—such deft, artistic touches had completely transformed the hall.

When the Freshettes arrived with their Senior escorts, they were warmly welcomed by the reception committee, and, in the fifteen minutes of social intercourse that followed, the hall rang with the merry laughter of the happy crowd.

After the solemn and ceremonious presentation of distinguishing badges to the Freshettes, a well-planned programme absorbed the interest of the audience, which, contrary to the usual custom, consisted of Seniors. To disclose the features of the programme would be to betray a secret. The boys are still wondering what Miss Nichol did.

After lunch was served, at a late hour, all departed for home. Much credit must be given to the Freshettes for the splendid spirit in which they "took their medicine," and too much cannot be said of the true "sporting" spirit shown by the new lady teachers, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Graham, who were guests at the reception.

### "Au Revoir"

Two members of last year's Middle I are now missing from the ranks of the old form. It was with deep regret that their classmates bade farewell to the famous "consul", Harold Slater, and to the merry, smiling friend, Max Stein. The latter left in the fall for Windsor. His departure was so hasty however, that the class was unable to carry out its original plan of extending to him a public farewell. As it was, he was informally presented with a gold-plated, self-filling fountain pen and pencil, as a token from the class, of the friendship enjoyed in Max's companionship.

Late in October, a few days before Harold Slater left for New York to sail for England, his old form assembled at the home of Miss Evelyn Burge to bid him farewell. An enjoyable time was spent in music, cards and dancing. The prominent feature of the evening was the presentation of a farewell gift of a set of military brushes. Ted Newton and Walter Potter officiated on behalf of the class. The departing classmate expressed sincere gratitude for the thoughtfulness of his classmates and heart-felt regret at being called away from the place with which was associated the pleasant memories of his school life.

Late in the evening lunch was served, farewells were said, and all departed.

### The Middle I Weiner Roast

About the middle of last October, Middle One decided to hold a weiner roast on the lake shore. Accordingly, the pupils of that form assembled one evening at the Collegiate and from there were conveyed in members' cars to the chosen spot, about five miles up the lake. On arrival, some excitement was caused when it was discovered that one fair young chauffeuse and her passengers were missing.

A relief expedition, consisting of one boy, one girl, and incidentally, one car, was dispatched in search. After scouring the countryside, the missing car and its hilarious occupants was found stranded on the beach near Blackwell.

When all were reunited, a roaring fire was built on the beach and the "weinies" roasted. As soon as all had had their share they joined in games by the fire. Then, as the night advanced, ghost stories were told by the dying embers.

In this thrilling occupation the time slipped by all too quickly, and loud were the laments, when the time to commence the homeward journey at last arrived. Although nineteen different "spooks" are reported to have been seen on the way, everyone arrived home safely, concluding a night that will long live in the memories of the 1919 Middle One Class.

### The Sophomore Hallowe'en Masquerade

Who has not heard of the Hallowe'en Masquerade held by the Sophomores on Friday, October the 31st? The industrious Sophs had fairly transformed the Assembly Hall with gay flags and bunting, brilliant autumn leaves and yellow corn stalks. Profound mystery shrouded the events of the evening. Only those repeating the mystic pass-word were allowed to enter, but, once inside, many attractive features held the attention.

The "Magic Cauldron", Ouija Boards, and the Fortune-telling Booth at which Miss Florence Chong solemnly propounded the hidden fates of the Merrymakers, were of absorbing interest. Dancing and cards continued until time for lunch, when sandwiches, cake, ice cream and coffee were served. Mr. Brown arrived, costumed in cap and gown, in time to join in the Community singing before the jolly crowd dispersed.

### **The Commercial Valentine Masquerade**

The two Commercial Forms combined to hold a Valentine Masquerade early in February. Since this is Leap Year, it was most appropriate that the girls of the Commercial School should manage the dance, and issue invitations to a few of the luckier boys of other forms.

The guests were graciously received by Miss Cruickshank and Miss Gordon who made charming hostesses for the festive occasion. Interesting games were followed by cards and dancing which absorbed the attention until refreshments were served at 9.30. Of the excellent quality of these the boys bore eloquent testimony afterwards.

### **Reception of Visiting Teams**

During the Fall Term with the kind permission of the Board, three dances were given to visiting rugby teams. The St. Thomas, Guelph and Hamilton Collegiate Institute Teams were entertained in the Assembly Hall after the various games. Only the members of the two rugby teams and a few selected students were allowed to attend the dances, each Sarnia player inviting two girls in order that numbers might be even. Refreshments, consisting of cake and ice cream, were served. Much credit is due to the boys of the visiting teams, who, although sore in body, showed their appreciation and good sportsmanship by entering heartily into the festivities.

After the basketball games in the "Gym" on Jan. 30th, of this year, a dance was held in the Assembly Hall in honour of the Boys' and Girls' Basketball Teams from Chatham. Cards were played by those who did not dance. Excellent music was supplied by a three-piece orchestra consisting of piano, banjo, and traps and drums. Sandwiches and punch were served and the gathering dispersed shortly after midnight.

### **The Rugby Dance**

The annual dance of the Rugby Team was held in the City Hall on February 6th, 1920. The boys were rewarded for the time and labour spent on the decorations by the admiring comments of all present. At the top of the stage was fastened a huge blue and white coat of arms, bearing the letters "S.C.I. XIV", while draped from it to the sides were two huge flags. Suspended overhead, from one side of the stage to the other stretched the word R U G B Y in four-foot letters, which were made of hanging blue and white tissue paper ribbons.

The Alexandra orchestra provided an excellent program of music and were very generous with encores. Besides the regular dances, robbers and circle two-steps enlivened the evening.

About midnight, the members of the team served an abundant supply of refreshments. Dancing was resumed until shortly after two a.m., when the party dispersed.

### **Lower V Tally-Ho**

On February 21st, 1920, the Alpha Beta Kappa Club of Lower V took advantage of the ideal winter weather to plan a tally-ho. For two hours the jolly crowd, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Graham, rode around, cooling their noses, and testing their voices. At the end of the ride, the class assembled at the Tea Kettle Inn, where a dainty lunch was served, and old folk dances were heartily indulged in by all.

### **The Taft Address**

Early in March the school was honored by an address from W. H. Taft, ex-president of the United States. Rev. J. R. Hall briefly introduced the speaker. Showing the close relation of school life to the future of the country, Mr. Taft advised us to put the same zeal into our studies as we

displayed in athletics. He defined love of country as appreciation, not merely of her material resources and her citizens but of the principles upon which her government and policies are based. We can repay our debt to the leaders who have made our nation what she is by preparing to fill their places.

Mr. Taft's humorous allusions to student life and his jolly chuckle quickly infected the whole student body with his geniality. Three rousing cheers were given as an expression of our enjoyment of Mr. Taft's visit.

### **Rugby Banquet, 1920**

On Thursday, March 19th, the Tea Kettle Inn presented a scene of great festivity when about twenty-five players and guests assembled for the annual Collegiate Rugby Banquet.

At the conclusion of a bountiful repast, Principal Brown was asked to address the players. Mr. Brown remarked that the best scholars and citizens of a country were not one-sided, and that the athlete who puts as much energy into the literary side of school life as into the athletic side is certain to make the best citizen in the future. He complimented the team on the reputation for sportsmanship which it had established for the school with every team it had played.

Coach Jack Newton expressed the pleasure it had given him to coach the team last year and stated that he would undertake the same responsibility again this year and would be able to devote more time to the instruction of the team.

After speeches by Mr. Winhold and "Davy" each member of the team was called upon to say a few words. Of course, none had prepared a speech but all managed to express their appreciation of the good times they had spent with the team last year and which the majority hoped to repeat again this year. Although the championship was lost last year by the narrow margin of one point, greater success was hoped for this year.

In appreciation of the time and trouble that Mr. Newton had taken to coach the team, he was presented with a handsome mantel clock by the players. "Jack" expressed his sincere thanks in a few suitable words.

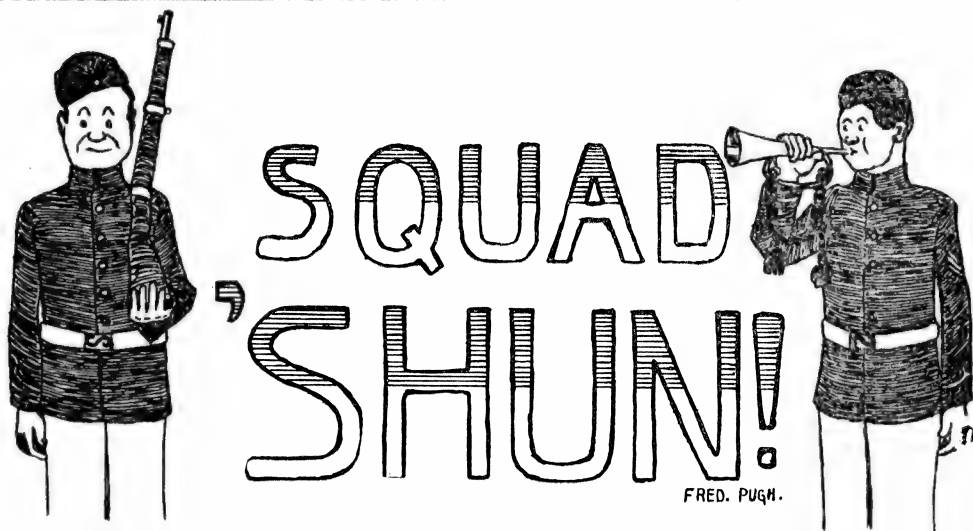
Kenneth ("Poke") McGibbon was unanimously re-elected captain of the team for 1920, and in conclusion all sang, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

After leaving the banquet hall, several of the local theatres and a public dance were unceremoniously visited by the team.

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### **Middle I Stars**

Alma Irwin takes the cake  
For never making one mistake  
While in Latin class Mr. Grant says  
The star is Mr. Ross N. Hayes.  
Alma Gluck, who thrills our souls  
Is rivalled now by Bernice Knowles  
Letters long and letters neat  
Writes Stuart Bulman to his sweet.  
Of Elmer's winking all the day  
At Audrey Rhodes across the way  
Perhaps you've heard his classmates say.  
And scattering gloom like sunshine's ray  
Irwin Nichol's bright expansive grin  
Is seen amid our noisy din.



### Inspection, 1919

"Company! Present Arms!!" Slap of hands against rifle stocks! Then, 'midst the blare of bugles and the continuous roll of drums, Inspector Lieutenant Colonel McCrimmon ascended the sidewalk to the front of the Collegiate.

After rifle inspection, the corps marched back to the campus and there, under a sweltering May sun, marched and remarched, exhibiting manoeuvre after manoeuvre, while the band sat in cool, white shirts in the shade—and smiled! After the examination of extended order drill, the corps was inspected in physical training and each perspiring cadet obtained a few minutes relief by discarding his uncomfortable tunic.

Then the company was drawn up on parade, and the Lieutenant-Colonel made a short speech complimenting the corps on its splendid appearance, and awarded the prize for the best dressed cadet on parade to Cadet Orval Johnson. After this presentation with drums beating and bugles sounding a route march was begun past the spectators to the downtown section of the city.

On return, the company was immediately dismissed. With a wild cry, everyone raced for the Assembly Hall. Here, a group of cool Upper and Middle School maidens served ice cream and cake to the ravenous crowd. After refreshments, dancing was begun, when the aforesaid maidens were much in demand. The music was supplied by cadets at the piano, while in one corner, "Tubby" Carter's jazz orchestra, consisting of several youths with ginger-ale bottles, plates, chair-backs and imaginary saxophones rendered "Alcoholic Blues" in a truly touching manner. The dancing ended shortly before 7 p. m.

### The Coming Season

The coming season promises to be one of the most, if not the most successful that an S. C. I. Cadet Corps has ever witnessed. With few exceptions, every boy in the school has signed the roll, so that, whereas the membership of last year's corps was in the neighborhood of eighty, this year it will exceed one hundred and fifty.

It has been the custom in the past to have two platoons, with the Company Commander and two commissioned officers in charge. This year, the company will be divided into four platoons, with four commissioned of-



ficers. The platoons will each be divided into two sections with sergeants in charge of each.

On account of the great increase in membership the present problem is one of supplies. Additional rifles have been ordered but the great difficulty will be in obtaining a sufficient number of uniforms. New khaki uniforms have been received, but only enough for about one-half of the corps. If more of these are not obtainable, two of the platoons will wear khaki and two the old blue and white uniforms.

Rifle drill is already being held in the gymnasium in the regular drill spaces, and company drill will be begun as soon as the weather permits.

### **Bugle Band and Signalling Corps**

The Bugle Band is practising diligently and promises to present a better appearance than ever before. "Ken" Sproule, last year's Band Sergeant, has again been appointed to take charge of this section. Besides last year's veterans, several raw recruits are practising and will probably be seen in the ranks of the band when the season begins.

The Signalling Section will be more prominent this year than formerly. This, it is expected, will comprise about sixteen men in charge of the Signalling Sergeant.

### **Rifle Club**

Although a Rifle Club was formed last year, it was unable to carry out its programme owing to the cramped quarters of the "gym" and the inability to secure suitable ranges. This year the increase in the number of senior boys in the rank and file of the Corps offers abundant material for an Active Rifle Club. Several of these students have had experience in shooting and the City Rifle Ranges could doubtless be obtained for practices.

The winners of local competitions would form the school team. This team would compete at the Annual Bisley Match at Long Branch in August and also oppose teams from every part of the Dominion at the Toronto Exhibition.

Our school is well represented in all other lines of sport and it is none to our credit that this branch of activity should be neglected.

### **Appointments, 1920**

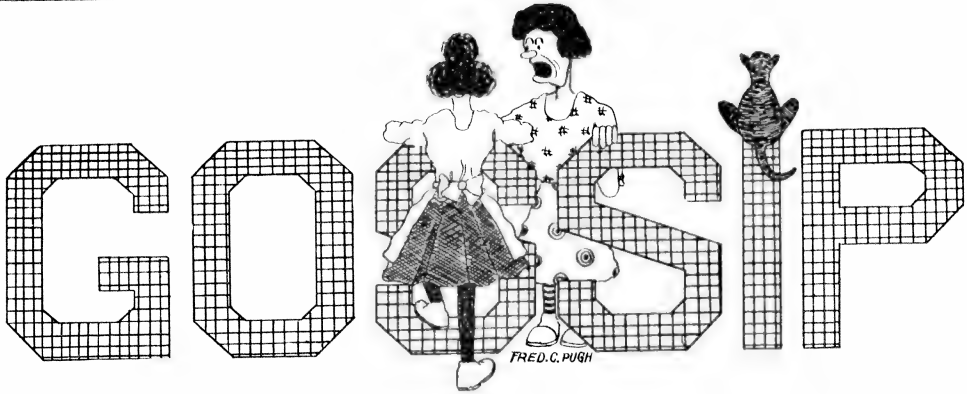
The commissioned officers for the corps were appointed early in January. Hardy Hill, this year's captain, has seen service overseas as a skipper in the navy, and each of the lieutenants has had previous experience in the corps as sergeants. The eight sergeants for the present year will be appointed by merit later in the season. The commissioned officers for the year are:—Captain, A. S. Hardy Hill; 1st Lieut., Keith Watson; 2nd Lieut, Carl Manore; 3rd Lieut., Stanley Teskey; 4th Lieut., Elgin Turnbull.







## “THE AQUARIUM”



A number of rugby players lost parts of their outfits at the various cities which they visited during the season. Incidentally, McGibbon lost his heart at Guelph.

\* \* \*

The rugby season always provides great opportunities for the collection of souvenirs by the juveniles, especially of old shoes and sweaters.

\* \* \*

Speaking of souvenirs, we wonder how the family enjoyed the duck that Jack Richardson purchased on the Hamilton market. You see Jack wanted something to remind him of the ducking he received in the Hamilton mud.

\* \* \*

Neal Gabler had not discovered how really handsome he was until Carr decorated his head with variegated ribbons on the way home from Hamilton. We'll say that Gabie was some peach!

\* \* \*

The S. C. I. Boys did not lack for rooters in Chatham, for the girls' team stood together on a large packing box at one end of the gym and shrieked in shrill falsettos every yell they knew—and several that they didn't.

And the dance after the Chatham game in the Patricia! Oh that jazz orchestra from London!

\* \* \*

There is certainly nothing wrong with the lungs of the majority of the S. C. I. students. They demonstrated this fact to perfection at the games with Chatham here.

\* \* \*

Who will not say that even the oppressed editors enjoy their light moments? The heaviest moment must be lightened when one reads such descriptions as this: "They secured something to eat from a store that had been broken into, but the robbers had killed the proprietor, so there was nothing to do but eat what they could find of the remains!"

\* \* \*

Here is another gem gleaned from the literary field: "As she caught sight of his pale face, her heart choked her."

\* \* \*

The heroines of the S.C.I. aspiring authors are fearful and wonderful beings. They have golden curls piled high or raven locks in stately coronets above their marble brows. They "imvide food" and "glide gracefully across the deck" in a storm at sea, and "plunge wrecklessly down a hasardous slope."

"Skipper" aroused the sympathy of the students by recounting his exciting experiences overseas. At one time he was put in a watch. How depressing!"

\* \* \*

Question on second year Grammar Exam. on diminutives: "Show the derivation of the suffix "kin" in "lambkin", and its effect upon the original meaning of the word."

Answer: "Kin" is a diminutive, and its effect is to make the lamb little."

\* \* \*

The gifted Science Students are contemplating publishing an original Zoology text. Here is the latest contribution: "An amphibian is an animal which cannot live in water and dies on land."

\* \* \*

The two occasional visitors to Middle Two now carry club-bags and bring enough books to stay for the day.

\* \* \*

Kindly advice to aspiring Middle Two students: Don't attempt to understand what special course each individual of Upper School is taking, and why! It can't be done.

\* \* \*

Miss MacRae in Upper School French Authors: "You will notice the strange characters presented here. They all seem to be delighted at getting out of work!"

\* \* \*

Mr. Dent, in Upper School Zoology: "Be especially careful to get all the points about the brain of the frog. Perhaps you had better write it out in words."

\* \* \*

What's this we hear about Bill Donohue's getting in a mix-up with a fair Imperialist at the final hockey game?

\* \* \*

Keith Watson has just about perfected that pretty centre part in his hair.

\* \* \*

Where did Miss Cook get her knowledge of crap? Ask those naughty boys in Middle Two.

\* \* \*

The overworked students of Part 1, Upper School have a perfectly good reason for not doing their homework every single night. They believe in the proverb, "Give them an inch and they take a mile."

\* \* \*

Ikey Lampel and "Toad" Potter are together taking an agency for the famous "Bluffem Anti-Fat Tablets." You see they illustrate "before and after."

\* \* \*

Will someone kindly drop into our office and explain how two guileless young persons can regularly twice a day "just happen" to meet at the corner of Lochiel and Brock on the way to school?

\* \* \*

We pride ourselves upon the extent of our experience, but if Ritchie will acquaint us with the store where we can get a hat like the one he wears to the hockey games, we will be deeply indebted to him.

\* \* \*

We are still at a loss to understand why Gabie went two stations past Guelph, and then had to run back most of the way from Georgetown to catch the return train.

The Guelph girls must certainly be wonders when they can vamp such woman-hating cynics as Gabler, and make such an ordinarily sane individual promenade down the centre of the floor booming three cheers for St. Thomas!

\* \* \*

Lilian Fuller is disgusted because she cannot get her "Observer" at the head office any longer. Why? We wonder—don't you?

\* \* \*

The merchants of this city have derived great benefit from the rugby team—especially the stationers. We understand that they have had to to order rush shipment of notepaper.

\* \* \*

Don't you suppose that their sisters would appreciate being told who were the gallant youths who washed the dishes for the Commercial girls after the Valentine Masquerade?

\* \* \*

We wonder how the more staid guests in a certain Hamilton hotel liked the "blanket parade" staged there by sundry Sarnia youths.

\* \* \*

There is no reason for the failures in Upper School Trigonometry. Mr. Brown says that the problems are perfectly simple—the main point is merely not to make a mistake.

\* \* \*

Maybe that G. T. R. conductor wasn't surprised when the S. C. I. Rugby Team bought a box of cigars from the "newsy" and presented it to him with a formal address and an informally enthusiastic mandolin serenade, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

\* \* \*

"My, what a bright form this is!" said Miss Wade as she saw in one classroom Grace Sharpe, "Rouge" Caldwell, "Red" Cowan and "Red" Mackenzie.

\* \* \*

Mr. Potter was at Flint a few days ago arranging with the law about how much alimony it would cost him to abandon his wife and two children there, while he pursued the elusive diploma throughout the S. C. I.

\* \* \*

We are brought face to face with the horrors of that dreadful malady known as sleeping sickness, when our cherished friend Mr. George Hamilton fails to put in an appearance in Middle II until 1.30 in the afternoon.

\* \* \*

Cheer up! There will be a few of us who will enjoy that wonderful new school yet. Mr. Grant told some of us the other day that by the time we graduated we would make Methuselah look like an infant.

---

Mr. Graham—"What is the reason for the present shortage of chewing gum?"

Class chorus—"George Barge."

---

McGibbon (translating Caesar)—"In fact all the Britons stained themselves with wood ("Wood")."

Mr. Grant—"How could they do that? Beat themselves with clubs until they were black and blue?"



EDITORS' NOTE—"The Miser," "Oudh of Samarcand" and "The Man of the Hour," have been awarded the prizes offered by "The Collegiate" Staff for the best poem, the best short story and the best essay. The Consulting Editors assisted by members of the Faculty were the judges.

\* \* \*

### THE MISER

I am a miser, I;  
I seek with eager eye,  
With covetous and grasping hand,  
Each golden grain of precious sand  
Of Time that fleets me by.

Each moment offers free  
Bright opportunity,  
I strive to stay its hurried pace  
And strain to catch its hours of grace—  
Gems for my Treasury!

Unfolding to my sight  
I scan those hours of light  
That would fulfill my nobler aim;  
But those reject that would defame  
The pure ideal and right

No place within my hoard  
Hath chance which doth afford  
Development of low ideal,  
Of selfish lust the heart may feel—  
Such moments are ignored.

The Opportunity  
Which, Time, I seek from thee  
To nobler, loftier action leads,  
Love baser motives supersedes  
In my pure Treasury.

—Mary McGeachy, Upper School

### "OUDH OF SAMARCAND"

The low mumble of the Little Calabar, as it fell from rock to rock down the mountain-side, and the myriad jewels that sparkled in its hallowed waters in the rays of the setting sun were the only sound and movement to break the stillness of an Asiatic evening. Far up, on the side of the mountain, a vast collection of mosques and towers shone in the orange glow like some golden, fabled City of the Dead. Low mists hung in the empurpled valley, while to the west, the flush of warmth in the evening sky became a blush of subtle rose on the expanse of snow-capped Himalayas, far more delicate than that on cheek of any maiden. Below the mantle of snow, the darker rock of the rugged crags merged into purple gloom. The unbroken chain of peaks stretched in untamed grandeur far into obscurity. And, still, the dying sun bathed in golden glory the domes and minarets of the sacred city of Samarcand.

The lower rim of the fiery ball had not reached the topmost peak in the distance, when the stillness was broken rudely by the single clang of a huge gong. Immediately, two thousand bodies prostrated themselves on the floor of the courtyard of the Great Temple of the Eternal Lotus Flower. It was the nightly ceremony of Avestra, when all but the Great High Priest Rik must salaam, and hide their unworthy eyes from the beauty of the Sun-goddess Surya, as she retires to her couch in the west.

At the farther end of the garden, stood the Temple of the Eternal Lotus Flower, its magnificent, white marble reflecting the glow of the last rays of the sun in the quivering waters of the great pool before it. Great pillars supported the front of the building and a long flight of steps led up to the sacred interior. Luxurious water-lilies bloomed in the pool, and, in its centre, an exquisitely-carved fountain sprayed the night air overhead. Minute bridges crossed the numerous little streamlets running through the garden. Small palms grew here and there, while luxurious foliage and blossoms gave a riot of colour to every corner of the garden. From the temple, borne on the cool, night breeze, came subtle odours of Eastern spices. Here and there, listless wisps of smoke climbed and twirled against the sunset sky from cassolets and urns of burning sweet wood of alooe.

On the steps of the temple, in a huge carved dais, with heavily-veiled eyes and head bowed, sat the young Ameer Oudh, Ruler of all Zinge and Guardian of the Eternal Lotus Flower. On the day of his birth the Eternal Lotus Flower gained a new bud, and thus, the young Ameer gained both the reverence and love of his people as a favourite of the gods.

Now, the sonorous voice of the natives might be heard monotonously repeating the great chant, "Om mani padme hum."

Ah, High Deliverer! Lover! Sister! Guide! Lamp of the Law!  
 I take my refuge in Thy name and Thee!  
 I take my refuge in Thy Law of Good!  
 I take my refuge in Thy order! Om!  
 The Dew is on the Lotus! Sink Great Surya!  
 Om mani padme hum! The sunlight goes!  
 The Dewdrop slips into the Shining Sea!

Then, slowly, Rik, the Great High Priest, rose and faced the roseate west, saying:

"Oh, Great Surya, Sun-goddess of our fathers, who rolleth up the Darkness like a skin, who maketh the Stars to slink away like thieves, and who shineth forth from the Home of the Dawns, and Thou, Indra, great God of Storm, Vata and Parjanya, God and Goddess of Wind and Rain, send down Thy blessing upon us, the Defenders of the Peace. Give us wisdom in the Great Council to be held after the new dawn. Give us courage not to cringe before the blusterings of a larger foe. Give us strength to avenge

the destruction of our villages and the pillaging of our lands. We beseech You, Oh Infinite Ones, satisfy all our prayers! Om!

When all the chants and prayers had been offered, the turbaned heads rose to the pale light of the moon. Soon, servants passed through the garden, bearing platters of food to the crowd, and half-naked natives appeared and danced around the border of the shimmering pool. Native musicians sat and crooned to the accompaniment of curious harp-like instruments. Long into the night, revelry rose high in the moonlight-flooded Garden of the Lotus Flower.

## II

The Great Council had met. Now, from lip to lip, the words ran like wild-fire,—“War! War! War to the death!” Somia was to be invaded immediately. The mountains resounded to the wildly-beaten tom-toms and the shrill notes of mountain horns. Great signal-fires blazed from every mountain. Excitement ran high. Then, the Zingian troops joyously marched away, with the young Ameer at their head.

Alas, the confident cheering soldiers that went away were a very different group to the scattered few that limped home, wounded, and almost dead from fatigue, nearly a fortnight later. They had just passed over a narrow bridge, and were quietly marching along, when, suddenly, seemingly from nowhere sprang up the enemy's forces under their great general Guraja. Guraja had supreme command of the Somian army, and, being an old soldier and well-versed in the wiles of strategy, he had laid an ambush in an extremely perilous position for the Zingians. He destroyed the bridge from the rear, after the Zingian troops had passed, and had a strong party waiting for them in front. The Zingian troops were trapped on a narrow ledge. In front, were the blood-thirsty Somians; behind, a gaping chasm; at the side, a steep cliff, while, from far above, the Somians rolled huge rocks down on them, with terrific effect. The few that escaped climbed down the steep cliff and swam the seething stream. Only one-fourth of the original Zingian army returned. As for the Ameer Oudh, the general verdict proclaimed him, almost certainly, dead.

But the young Ameer Oudh was very far from dead. Seeing that the case was hopeless, he climbed from root to root down the side of the precipice, as agilely as any ape. He was closely followed by his man, Irim and, after a short rest at the bed of the stream, the two headed towards Somia, instead of away from it. While, far behind them, the Somian troops were scouring the country for stragglers, they staggered to the hut of a friendly shepherd, and immediately the young Oudh collapsed.

During the week in which they stayed there recuperating, the Somian forces had crept steadily on towards Samarcand, and were now encamped before the city. To the horror of Irim, Oudh conceived the idea of creeping into the enemy camp and assassinating Guraja. Without Guraja the Somian forces would be to a great extent, paralyzed. Both the shepherd and Irim tried to persuade Oudh that the chances were one thousand to one against success but their efforts were useless. He was determined and bade the shepherd procure in some manner the clothes of a Somian officer. He told Irim of certain secret paths by which he could regain the city, and gave instructions that, if, on a certain night, the tent of Guraja was seen to be on fire, the Zingians should attack immediately.

The faithful shepherd lay in ambush for two days high in the mountains, waiting in vain for some wandering Somian officer. On the third day, his long wait was rewarded and with servile delight in his eyes, he presented to Oudh a Somian Under-Officer's uniform.

Irim had left for Samarcand two days before, and Oudh, donning his disguise, started for the camp of the enemy.



Subsisting on berries and roots, he at last reached the place. It was a clear night and the Somian sentries had relaxed their vigilance, and stood talking together of the good times they might have been having at home if it were not for the cursed war. Oudh wriggled on his stomach through the lines, and then, rose to his feet inside the camp.

A curious soldier peered at him, but Oudh cursed him roundly in the Somian language, which he knew almost as well as his own, and ordered the man to his post.

Pausing a moment, the young Zingian Ameer realized into what danger he had thrust himself. Now that he was in the camp the greatest of dangers lay in accomplishing his task and getting away safely. Then, collecting himself, inch by inch, knife between his teeth, and as silently as the wild mountain hyena hunts its prey, he crawled towards the tent of Guraja. A rustle to the right brought him to an abrupt halt and he lay for an eternity, hardly breathing. Then, on again to Guraja's tent. When near the gorgeous canopy, he rose, strode to the guard, told him that he had an important business with the general, and then passed within the tent. Guraja was seated with his back to the opening, and with a slight cry of exultation Oudh buried his knife-blade deep in the general's back. With a cry, the guard rushed in and the two wrestled and rolled in a fierce struggle for existence. At last, Oudh's hands met the guard's throat, and he pressed with all his might, pressed until his thumbs were sore, and the form of the guard lay inert beneath him. Then, with as much speed as possible, he struck his flints together, and lit the walls of Guraja's tent.

\* \* \*

When the little army of Zingians saw the blaze in the Somian camp, they rushed to the attack, and hewed down the surprised sentries, already thrown into confusion by the fire. Then, a wholesale massacre began. All but a broken, tattered, remnant of the great Somian army was put to death. Leaderless, they fled like sheep from a wolf.

To the accompaniment of the joyous shouts and cheers of the populace, the Zingian army returned, after the battle to the city. Great feasts were held, great fires built and the night was given up to high revelry.

\* \* \*

But, out on the sentry-line of the Somian camp, the young Ameer Oudh lay staring fixedly at the stars, with a knife-thrust through his heart.

### III

A gibbous moon floated over the city, illuminating its towers in a ghostly flood of white. Innumerable stars twinkled benevolently above the lucent domes. The tallest palms swayed gently in the whispering night breeze. Slowly a cloud obscured the moon, and the stars grew dim. The wild Pagoda-thrush sang a mournful requiem, as the ashes of the Great Ameer Oudh were reverently scattered on the hallowed waters of the Little Calabar.

THE END.

—Theodore Newton, Middle Two.

### The Man of the Hour

It has been said and with a great measure of truth, that every crisis in history has brought forth its great man to meet the emergency. Yet is there not a strange flavour of irony in this statement when we consider that the trend of the world's development has been toward the gradual establishment of Democracy? In our study we begin in a barbarous period when men sold their fellows like cattle, when to conquer meant to enslave, and after passing through the tumultuous struggles which such radical change involved, emerge into an enlightened age in which the highest val-



ue is placed upon personal liberty. From a universal state, in which one man enthroned at Rome controlled by the expression of a wish the Druid worshippers of Britain and the nomad shepherds of the Sahara borders, the rude barbarian tribes of the farther Gallic forests and the cultured residents of learned, luxurious Athens and Alexandria, we watch the gradual development of numerous independencies whose written constitutions are founded on the universal equality and brotherhood of man as their basic principle. We mark the upheavals which point out the path of progress from a state in which all adhere in blind loyalty to a state religion to that whose enlightened laws grant free enjoyment of all religious views.

Such progress is not a straight forward-march. Its course is marked by many falterings, many unnecessary deviations, even many fearful backward steps. At one point it seemed to be at the very goal when a misstep or slight digression has led it farther than ever from the objective. In many places the paths double back and the same ground is retraced in a bewildering manner.

Yet from the perspective which time alone can give, the development of every nation may be viewed as the unfolding scenes of a mighty drama, with a promising prelude, a slow advance of the first action, a well-marked climax and a logical conclusion. The drama contains all the essential elements of mystery, suspense, comedy and tragedy. There are roles for the puppets, the chorus, the clown, the villain. And always, of course, there is a hero.

It is a fact that this drama is called "The Development of Democracy," that makes the presence of a conspicuous hero so remarkable. For, contrary to the very principles of the Democracy whose growth he aids, he alone figures prominently as the directing force at the crisis of the action. Is it a war in which honour and safety are imperilled? The man of the hour meets the emergency by exhibiting brilliant military genius in leading his country's armies victorious through the lands of a vanquished foe. The drama of every nation portrays the illustrious career of such a hero. Gustavus Adolphus, John Sobieski, Peter the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, Garibaldi are renowned martial heroes, the record of whose valiant deeds rings above the clash of the steel in the fray. While fighting to establish the independence of their countries they have been absolute in command. Theirs has been an iron hand, an inflexible will, and a controlling passion of patriotism. They strove to the utmost to make of their country an invincible military power, for in that, they believed, lay the secret of national greatness.

For it is his conception of national greatness that really governs the actions of the men of the hour in a crisis. Similarly, he who has been endowed with the statesmen's insight into the needs of a political situation meets such an emergency through diplomatic application of sound, just laws. Thus a Pitt or a Gladstone meets a crisis in his country's political development by staying the clamour of the rash while satisfying the scruples of the over-cautious. He believes that his country's true greatness lies in her internal unanimity and the maintenance of her reputation abroad, not so much for the invulnerability of her armies, as for the international integrity of her foreign policy.

Both of these types of hero were keen in their perception of a military or political crisis in the external relations of their country. But greater than either of these is the man who is able to meet the emergency of the internal social life of his state. He sees in the maintenance of perfect individual liberty, used but not abused, the key to a national greatness which shall imply moral nobility in every phase of the nation's life. The pursuance of such an exalted ideal has created for the world the heroic advo-

cates of the abolition of slavery, social reform and enlightened labour legislation.

As social reforms strove to gain for the individual of the state a higher degree of personal liberty in his acts, so such measures as the Catholic Emancipation Bill contended for freedom of thought and opinion. The struggle for this liberty has continued through every age. It has been a controlling element in the drama of every country. The man who met the emergency at the climax of its action is the greatest of all heroes—the moral hero.

True, his victory was never celebrated by a Roman triumph, a military parade or a national holiday. To his contemporaries his conquest was as imperceptible as was his foe intangible. The crisis whose all-important requirements he satisfied was so poorly distinguished, that its presence was recognized only by the few gifted with the fine insight into the soul of a nation.

Yet viewed through the vista of succeeding centuries the limitations of imperfect perception are corrected and all the elements of the drama assume their true relative proportions in the action. It is only when this perspective has been gained that we discern the true nobility of the man who met a moral emergency, even when the significance of the crisis was not generally realized, and who by the force of his own lofty nature, directed the trend of the country's spiritual development into higher channels.

—Mary McGeachy, Upper School

### Jimmie's Picture

Jimmie was ambitious, very ambitious. That was why Jimmie's boss frequently found him absorbed in the pages of a thrilling detective tale. There! You have guessed it! Jimmie wanted to be a detective. But, unfortunately his position as office boy in the Milford National Bank did not afford him much chance to "detect," at least so Jimmie thought, until—but to go to the beginning.

One quiet afternoon—all afternoons were more or less quiet in the Milford National—a stranger walked into the bank, a fine looking, well-dressed man.

"Manager around, kid?" he inquired pleasantly of Jimmie.

"Yes, sir, but he's busy at present. Any message?"

"Well, yes," replied the stranger, "you may tell him that Mr. Schuyler has been sent here from Ottawa to inspect the safes on account of the frequent bank robberies around here."

"All right sir. I'll tell him," and Jimmie bounded off.

"Wish I could catch a bunch of those thieves," thought Jimmie as he returned from the office, "I wonder how my map would look on the first page of the Milford Daily," and he unconsciously threw out his chest.

"Mr. Mead says he'll see you in the office," he informed the stranger. "It's right over there at the end of the hall."

A silver quarter was tossed into the boy's hands, and immediately Mr. Schuyler rose considerably in Jimmie's estimation.

"Gee, I wish he was boss around here," he mused gazing after the erect, gray clad figure, and thinking of the Saturday afternoons (Saturday afternoons were holidays in the Milford National) when he had walked long distances into the country for Mr. Mead, only to be rewarded by a gruff "thanks."

"Oh well, it's no use wishing," and the optimistic Jimmie began to whistle cheerfully.

In the office, Mr. Schuyler was on his knees busily examining the huge metal safe.

Ten minutes later he arose and addressed the manager.

"Seems to be all right, Mr. Mead," he announced briskly. "Better keep a sharp look-out, though. Those guys are pretty slick. They usually drill about here," and he tapped a portion of the safe door with the end of his cane. "Well, I shall have to go now. I intend to catch the 3.30 train back to Ottawa. Good afternoon."

As he turned to leave, he beckoned to Jimmie, who had just come into the office with the mail.

"Very busy?" he asked, smiling. He had a very attractive smile, Jimmie thought.

"Not very," replied the boy, "There is never much to do here in the afternoon."

"I see," replied Mr. Schuyler, pleasantly. "Would Mr. Mead mind if you walked down to the station with me? It's a long walk and I should be very glad of company."

Jimmie glanced at the manager who nodded assent.

A few minutes later they were walking through the quiet streets of the little town, conversing as freely as if they had known each other for years.

Jimmie was sorry when they reached the station. The train was in and Mr. Schuyler hurried to the wicket to get his suitcase checked.

As the two walked across the station platform, a rather shabbily-attired man stepped up to Mr. Schuyler and touched his arm.

"Howdy, Russ Forbes," he said, "Thought you were—"

Jimmie glanced up in astonishment. The stranger stopped suddenly and turned away. Jimmie had seen Mr. Schuyler jerk his head quickly as if to tell the man to say no more. Then he turned to Jimmie and spoke hurriedly.

"A mistake no doubt," he said, "I have never seen the fellow before. Maybe I am the double of Russ Forbes,—who knows?" he added, laughing.

Jimmie laughed too. He did not doubt his companion for an instant. Afterwards, however, he had cause to remember this incident.

"Well, Jimmie, I see we shall have to say good-bye," said Mr. Schuyler, as the train whistle blew a warning blast. "Thank you very much for coming with me." And again a silver coin, this time a half-dollar, was slipped into his palm.

In another instant the train was moving off. After a final waving of hands, Jimmie turned to retrace his steps.

That night, he lay awake wondering about the stranger who had addressed Mr. Schuyler so familiarly.

"Oh well, I should worry," he murmured, sleepily, and turning over, he closed his eyes and was soon asleep.

The following morning Jimmie had forgotten about the little episode of the day before and went about his work whistling as usual.

The manager had suddenly decided to clean up the basement,—Mr. Mead was subject to such streaks—and accordingly Jimmie had plenty to do. "The adventures of an American Detective" had to be forsaken for a time.

There were frequent calls of "Gangway!" as Jimmie appeared laden with boxes of rubbish to be burnt in the little yard at the back of the bank. It was on one of these trips that Jimmie was startled to catch sight of a man gazing through a window in the rear of the bank.

He glanced up quickly as Jimmie appeared with his boxes of rubbish, and then came another surprise. It was the man who had addressed Mr. Schuyler as Russ Forbes!

Before Jimmie could speak he was gone.

"I wonder if I'd better tell the boss," he reflected, thinking of the bank thieves. But on second thought he decided to wait.

"Perhaps he's just a tramp looking for a place to sleep," he concluded.

However, in the afternoon, his suspicions were further aroused. He was putting away the ledgers in the safe and as he closed the door he noticed a white imprint on its black surface.

He examined it closely. It was a small, round mark, clearly stamped and evidently put on for a purpose.

A light dawned upon Jimmie. It was the very spot where he had seen Mr. Schuyler tap with his cane, when he had brought in the mail a day or two ago.

"He's put that there for future reference, that's clear," thought Jimmie. "Now why did he do it?"

He was now beginning to suspect the plausible Mr. Schuyler.

"Somehow, that man is not straight," he said to himself. "If he were he wouldn't have acted as he did at the station. What was that same fellow snooping around here for, and why should Mr. Schuyler leave any mark on the safe door?"

Then Jimmie decided to act in true detective style. He would watch the bank!

Had the truth been known, Jimmie secretly wished that he would discover an attempt to rob the bank. Then maybe he would get his picture in the paper!

He slipped out at eleven o'clock that evening and proceeded to walk around the bank. Having reached the little yard at the rear he stopped.

No sound broke the stillness of the starry June evening. Finally he decided to return home. Somehow he felt rather afraid.

A slight noise broke in upon his reflections.

"Great guns! What was that?" he muttered. Suddenly he felt hot and suffocated. He wished that he was at home where he should have been. He thought of fleeing, but curiosity stayed him. He crept up to the rear window. To his astonishment it was wide open. He peered in cautiously. There was no one in the old, unused room at the back but from under the door which separated it from the office, came a faint ray of flickering light, evidently shed by a lantern.

The sound which had attracted his attention had ceased for a minute. Now it commenced again,— a whirring, scraping noise.

Jimmie wondered what it could be. He had heard the same kind of noise before somewhere. A drill! They were drilling the safe! And that white mark was to point out where to drill!

So Mr. Schuyler was a thief! Probably he was the head of a gang of bank thieves. Jimmie would never have believed it! Appearances certainly are deceiving.

But there was no time for further reflection. First he must arouse Mr. Mead. Once out into the street, he broke into a run never pausing until he had reached the manager's house.

He pounded the door for fully five minutes before it was opened by Mr. Mead himself, attired in night clothes.

Surprise, apprehension and annoyance were all mingled in the glance which greeted Jimmie.

"The bank, Mr. Mead! There is someone in the office drilling the safe!" he announced, breathlessly.

"How the dickens—?" began the bewildered manager, but Jimmie interrupted him, impatiently.

"They'll be gone if you don't hurry."

"You come in and phone the police, while I put on my slippers Jimmie," directed the boss, "Tell'em to go right over now."

In less than five minutes they were back at the bank, Mr. Mead presenting a most comical appearance. He had pulled an old coat over his striped pajamas and thrust on his tousled head an old felt hat. The loose legs of his pajamas flapped around his bare ankles. Even the usually sober-faced chief could not resist smiling as the manager rushed in.

The two safe-robbers had been handcuffed and were standing sullenly beside the huge black safe, in the door of which, a large hole had been bored.

Jimmie was not surprised to find that one of the pair was no other than the man who had addressed Mr. Schuyler on the station platform, and who had been snooping around the previous day.

That night they were lodged safely in the village jail and the next morning a warrant was issued for the arrest of Mr. Schuyler.

When Jimmie told Mr. Mead how he had come to be around the bank at that hour, the latter congratulated him heartily. His thanks also became tangible in the form of a twenty dollar bill.

But what pleased Jimmie most, perhaps, was what appeared on the first page of the Milford Daily, the following afternoon.

It was—Jimmie's picture!

—Winnifred Mackness, Lower V.

### True Happiness

It is a significant fact that often some of the clearest and simplest problems in life are understood and appreciated the least. To the ordinary man on the street, the theme before the reader has seemed so simple that he has neglected to study it closely. Consequently, Happiness has been a goal for which countless thousands have striven but which they have utterly failed to attain. Many the man who would readily give of his millions in exchange for the contentment to be found in the humble homes of numberless cottagers. Throughout the world, bitter anguish of spirit and remorse for Happiness unattained, when Life's journey draws to its close, is suffered to an extent little realized by the average person.

What are the means of winning this elusive prize for which all, from peasant to prince, have striven so hard? Innumerable are the opinions offered and as diversified as numerous are the ideas held regarding its successful accomplishment. The day of dreamers is not yet passed. Even at the present there are those among us who plan an earthly Utopia, where the defects of modern life will be but a memory. The wealthy, never faced with the necessity of striking a blow for their daily bread, devise manifold plans for spending their millions in quest of the great prize. Of a truth, in every walk of life, from the fisherman and sailor, from the mechanic and miner, to the traveller and scholar, all are seeking this one treasure and each after a fashion of his own.

According to our present standards, it is as impossible for the average man to accept the conception of Happiness held by the uncivilized races of the earth as it would be to accept that of the profiteer who builds his vast fortune by extortions from the hard earned gains of his less fortunate fellows. Nor can we for a moment consider that the hoarder of gold or knowledge possesses Happiness. Though he may obtain his gold or knowledge by perfectly legitimate means he is, nevertheless, a robber of the pleasure and knowledge of his fellow men and is, therefore, but one shade better than his brother, the profiteer.

We will take no account of those all too common objects of human pursuit, Power, Fame and Wealth. Not that these are not honourable and much to be desired, but because they are within the possible reach of so

very few. We shall consider only the means accessible to the average citizen. Sensuous pleasures, such as eating and drinking, are unworthy of being idealized, though when indulged in with moderation are pure and beneficial sources of pleasure.

One of the richest sources of Happiness in this life lies in the power of sight. Yet how unappreciative we are of its great value to mankind! From this source alone we obtain all our ideas of splendour, symmetry and grace. Far too many go through the world with their eyes blindfolded to the beauties of Nature to be observed in the deep as well as on the earth. Few are the mariners who have not observed the porpoise gambolling in the deep waters, or witnessed the seas being lashed into fury by the storm. Still, far too seldom, does one find the matelot sufficiently observant to note the grace with which these denizens of the deep cleave their way through the sea; the delicate curve of the body as it leaps from the water and back again with scarcely a ripple. In most instances he does not look further than the minor inconveniences of the storm to discern the grace of the flight of the seabirds just clearing the angry waves or the buoyancy with which the good ship rides the sweeping billows, nor above all have impressed upon his soul the might and majesty of the Unseen Ruler of the elements.

Deprived of one of earth's richest joys is he who must perforce go through the world ignorant of the blessing of sound. Happy indeed are they whose circumstances enable them to enjoy the wondrously joyous sounds of the birds in our woodlands and country places, from the first gay song of the lark as it welcomes the dawn, to the plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will in the gloaming. That old saying, "Music hath charms" was never more self-evident than at the present. Many are the sad hearts made lighter by the sound of some simple melody. Many the wanderer whose solitary hours have been cheered by strains of the music of his far-off homeland. Sad, truly, is the plight of those denied this birthright by Nature, and more to be pitied than condemned the one possessing ability for music, who keeps it in the background of his life.

Pleasures of the imagination loom large in the field of Human Happiness. Chief of these is the solace it gives to those with whom Nature has been the least bountiful with her gifts. Not upon everyone so afflicted has this gift been bestowed in so marked a degree as in the case of Milton. Still a merciful Creator has opened up the Avenue of Happiness to otherwise blighted lives. And not only to the sightless are the delights of imagination given, but also to the more fortunate members of the race. The thoughts of the best minds of the past as well as the present are within easy reach of any who read. The world has judged to be a dreary waste many a man's life which was inwardly happy through an imagination fed and spurred on by reading.

Nor must we fail to observe the Happiness enjoyed from family love. It is today the chief bulwark against the evils of an age growing ever faster. When the day's toil is over, what measureless rest and contentment is found in the companionship of loved ones! Here only, when the Seas of Adversity are seeking to dash one, a wreck on the reef of Ruin, a roadstead may be found in which the Anchors of Perseverance and Courage obtain secure holding ground. Though the Cables of Faith be strained almost to the snapping point, the Barque of Life will weather Hardship's heaviest gales in this Roadstead of Home.

The highest form of Happiness is that derived from Service. It is on a loftier plane than all other kinds of Happiness. In every one of those previously dealt with, elements were found which detracted from them some of their value to mankind. Even in the case of Family Love, and that

moral Happiness which is derived from the possession of a good name, Selfishness may creep in. Our Saviour, while on earth, counted it His chief joy to serve His fellow men. Down through the ages men and women, on sea as well as on land, have sought to follow His example and have found therein their greatest joy. We cannot all be Grace Darlings, Florence Nightingales, William Wilberforces or great leaders in moral reform. Nevertheless, one and all, can and should perform the small acts of service to be found in everyday life. This not only lightens the burdens of Life which bear heavily on those about us, but in addition we find our own becoming less wearisome as a result of the great peace which comes from well doing. Sight, Sound, Imagination and Love are but arbors along the Path of Life, of which Service is the Portal. Through this gateway the poorest citizen can enter upon a Life of Happiness which riches and luxury could never give.

—Matelot, Middle Two

### LOCHIEL

His name's not in the pages  
Of the "High School History,"  
'Mong the famous men of Britain  
In the eighteenth century;  
Still he for real greatness  
Can stand with any man,—  
Yes, strange it may seem but he whom I mean  
Was the chief of a Highland Clan!

Lochiel! Who lead the Camerons  
In many a fight and won.  
Lochiel! Whose loyalty to Prince Charles  
Has been surpassed by none;  
Who waged his wars all bravely  
And honorably as well:  
They fell in war 'neath his fierce claymore,—  
But he sheathed it when they fell!

Lochiel! Who strengthened industry  
By building mills, and stayed  
His men when they would start to march  
On a cattle-stealing raid.  
Lochiel! A lion in the fray,  
But kind to the conquered man.  
To the last did fight in the Cause of right;  
The Chief of the Cameron Clan!

Miles Gordon, Middle Two

### The Boy's a Man for a' That.

"Ferguson, how much longer do you intend to take to get down to real work? What is the meaning of non-preparation again to-day? You are just infernally lazy,—that is all that is wrong and, unless you improve you will have to leave," blustered out the old principal of the college.

"Indeed, sir, I did my utmost to do my homework last night," returned Jack, between suppressed smiles, "but circumstances were against me and I really could not owrk."

"Circumstances be hanged! That is an old excuse. You are just laziness personified—that's what you are; so you can either make up your



mind to get to work or else get out!" And with a bang, the door closed behind the enraged principal.

I honestly think that Jack did feel rather ashamed of himself after that "bawling out," but, as far as outward appearances indicated, he was the least worried of all. Jack Ferguson was the life of the room as far as nonsense and fun were concerned, but any knowledge of Geometry, Chemistry, Latin, French or History was completely beyond his horizon. Everything went smoothly for a few periods, but it was not long before he was again despatched to the office for misbehaviour,—this time by the Science Professor. This visit led to the withdrawal of Ferguson from the class for three weeks.

Mr. Ferguson, Sr., was grandparent and parent all in one to Jack. He was nearing the three score years and ten, and his whole life, body and soul, was wrapped up in his grandson. Jack and I had been pals through all the years of school life and I had learned to love his dear old Scotch grandfather almost as much as he. So it happened that we three were sitting around the fireside at his home the night before his return to school.

Suddenly, as if waking from a dream, Jack said, "Dad," (for he always called his grandfather that,) "I don't believe I'll go back to school. It is no use. I do not learn a thing. The teachers call me downright lazy, incorrigible and every other hanged adjective they can think of to make me ashamed of myself. I have been disgraced already and I am going to quit."

After smoking away stolidly at his pipe for a few minutes the old gentleman said, "Faith, bairn, if ye dinna go back what wull ye do?"

"I'm going West." Jack announced. "I am going to that big open country where everyone has his chance; where every man is free to do almost what he pleases without being picked to pieces." Too astonished for words Dad and I just looked at him. At length I recovered from the shock and asked:

"Yes, but Jack what about your finances?"

"That is the only part of the whole proposition that is bothering me. However, I am going to make the best of it. I will take what I have with me and do my best to make more." And with an emphatic stamp of his foot he added, "I will live down my reputation for being a do-nothing before I'm through!"

"We ken ye will dae that, laddie, if ye say so." said Dad.

I did not wish to discourage my friend, yet, deep down in my heart I felt a keen pang of regret at the thought of his leaving. I summoned enough courage to ask:

"When do you start Jack?"

"To-morrow evening at eight-thirty." Soon after I left the two together, and all through what seemed an endless night my thoughts were far from college pros and cons and were centred on the coming parting with my closest pal. One can have many friends but not more than one real pal.

The day came and went. We three had supper together; then preparations for the departure were begun. Dad was unable to come to the station so the painful parting was made in the glow of the firelight. "Weel boy, fare ye weel. Dinna forget your auld Dad for I'll always be thinkin' o' ye and will be sae lonely wi'out ye. Write tae me laddie. Fight a guid fight and ye'll win. God be wi' ye always."

"Good-bye, Dad," choked the boy. "I'll never forget you and I'll write."

Tearing himself away, with a last, sad look at the familiar surroundings he seized one suitcase, I the other and we started for the depot. We arrived just as the train pulled up to the platform. Any spectator would have judged from our farewell that we were children of ten instead of young men of eighteen. We stood there in the twilight with tears in our



eyes, the whistle tooted, and he was gone.

Years rolled by. Dad still lived longing for his prodigal's return. I was attending a medical college in a near-by city and spending whatever time I could with the dear old man, cheering him up. We shared our letters from Jack, each only too pleased to hear the slightest bit of news. He had lived on a homestead for three years but fortune had not smiled very lavishly upon him and, becoming rather discouraged, he resumed his travel over the Rockies to Vancouver. There he spent all his savings and most of his good name in riotous living. We heard of this, but Dad's faith was unshaken. He would often say to me,

"Dinna worry, the boy'll make a man o' hissel' yet."

British Columbia, with its wild mountains and fertile valleys seemed to lure him on. From the next letter we received we learned he had become a lumber jack. His job was a dangerous one and he had many difficulties to overcome. With the money he had saved he had taken shares in a lumber company which was turning out splendidly. We were overjoyed at his new successes and thought that his way was at last clear to fulfil his ambitions.

When crash—the whole world was thrown into a cataclysm. The Great European War had begun. The first to sign up for overseas service from his gang of lumberman was Jack. During his busy days of training there were not many letters, but Dad understood. He had once belonged to a Hielan' regiment of which he still talked with pride. We heard next from Jack in England, then in France.

I had now finished my course in medicine, so as an M.D. I started for France. I was stationed at a base hospital there. Those were very, very busy days, with never a minute to think of yourself in trying to help the other fellows. I often thought of Jack out under the incessant boom and burst of shells, but never heard from him.

One day a very bad case came into the Ward—a bullet through the hip. As I worked over my patient during the critical operation I did not regard his face very closely. Later, curiosity prompted me to examine his features,—it was my old pard Jack! Immediately I wrote to Dad. Slowly but surely health and strength were regained. Little by little I learned his story. He had been decorated with the D. S. O. Was I proud of my pal? Well, I guess.

Jack emerged from Blighty once more a strong man, on the tenth of November, nineteen eighteen. Then glorious peace arrived. The armistice was signed.

About three months after this, we were both allowed to start for home. When we were arranging our trip Jack startled me with some news.

"Old pal, we are going to have a third member in our party." He told me no more but I fully understood the next day.

Having arrived at Halifax, we lost no time in returning to our old home town. There we were heartily welcomed by many friends, but we both longed for some other smile. We hastened to Jack's old home. There sitting before the fire-place in the shadows, smoking away peacefully, sat "Dad."

It was worth piles of gold to see that dear old man's face light up with joy. Tears flowed freely from us all in the gladness of reunion.

"Dad," said Jack, after the preliminary welcomes were over, "I have a surprise for you, a souvenir from the 'Hielan's.'"

He left the room and returned in a few minutes, accompanied by the third member of our trio.

"Dad I want you to welcome my darling wife, Mary, the sweetest blossom that old Scotland ever grew."

Dad rose to his feet and placing his hands on their beautiful brown heads as they kneeled before him, he said:—

"Mary, ye are a bonnie, bonnie lassie, it fills my auld heart wi' joy tae see ye baith sae happy. Jack, I love ye more and more laddie, God bless ye baith."

Then, turning to me, he said, "Didna I tell ye, for a' that, an' a' that, the boy's a man for a' that!"

—Melba Brown, Middle One.

### STOVES

Stoves are some of the old, inconvenient, but altogether delightful household fixtures which modern innovations in dwellings are rapidly replacing. Nowadays, when all sorts of new inventions for heating and cooking are being introduced into our homes, we are losing sight of the delights of the stove of former days, and are ruthlessly replacing its genial, expensive comfort with a few iron coils or an unresponsive electric plate.

We are convinced that the inventors of these new "comforts" must have lived in boarding houses while conducting their scientific researches along the lines of heating and cooking. Their rooms were doubtless very poorly heated, and they were served with food of such doubtful composition that it was impossible to imagine it in any intimate relation with a stove. This deplorable state of affairs led them to believe that in installing their innovations, they were working for the relief of suffering humanity.

While we must in all justice give these inventors credit for acting according to their noblest convictions, we cannot blind ourselves to what we have lost in the displaced stove. The former high coal "heater" to which we always accorded the central place in the living room, has been deposed, and its majestic dignity supplanted by a row of small iron pipes, variously painted or varnished to harmonize with their surroundings and placed in the most inconspicuous position available along the wall. In the passing of this stove, we feel a real loss. It afforded a natural centre about which the family congregated. All callers were entertained before its bright face, which glowed on such occasions with the welcoming warmth of the ruddy coals within. Its rows of shining nickel supplied a profitable occupation for any number of mischievous fingers.

Then, there was a smaller stove which one never failed to find in the corner of the village store. It was always marked with patches of rust and innumerable stains of mysterious origin. It was a round, fat, jolly, little stove, quite contented to squat comfortably in a dark corner so long as it could rear its tall pipe high above it to the ceiling. It was fed with miscellaneous scraps of fuel—broken boxes, dusty papers, and odd bits of rubbish. It was always surrounded by a ring of chairs,—queer, old battered, deformed chairs of as many shapes and sizes as could be brought together in so small a circle. But one was never very sure what the chairs looked like, for they were usually well filled. At such a time the stove was an indistinct figure, nearly smothered in clouds of dense blue smoke from the busily-puffing corn-cob pipes around it. But it bore these discomforts cheerfully and blazed away, encouraged by an occasional stick tossed into its laughing, rosy mouth.

Great has been the mourning at the loss of each of these stoves; but the greatest loss of all has been in the departure of the kitchen "range." The range made no exalted pretensions to the stately dignity of the heater, nor was it jolly and companionable like the stove in the corner store. It was low and broad, with wide, expansive sides, which bore prudently covered mounds whose delicious depths you longed to explore. But, then, you

always knew that you would taste them at dinner just half an hour away, and the suspense only brightened the anticipation. The stove bore its bright shiny kettle, which puffed its steam importantly right up to the ceiling and rattled its lid gayly. When the large black pot was securely covered, you could hear it boiling explosively; but when the lid was lifted for an instant, a cloud of vapour rushed out to every corner of the room, tantalizing your nostrils with delicious fragrance. The baking in the ample oven was always "nearly done now"; or sometimes you might even have a taste of its products—warm!

But enough! Its day has passed, and while rejoicing in their new labour-saving heating and cooking devices, the future generations will never realize what they have lost in the discarded stove.

—M. M., Upper School

### VILLAGE GOSSIP

The village of Sherriton was not very large but the people considered that it was just as good as New York. Their knowledge of that city was, it is true, rather vague. The school teacher said that New York was a very large city and that a great many rich people lived there, but the villagers declared that Sherriton was every bit as stylish.

There were two general stores in the village and a drug store. The one doctor acted as dentist and was also called upon to serve as a veterinary surgeon. But this was not all. That little village contained one other very large and important personage.

All Sherriton agreed that Lydia Briggs was the worst gossip they had ever known. She was welcomed in some of the homes of the village, but most of the villagers feared her, for her tongue was uncommonly sharp. She knew as much about everyone's affairs as they did themselves, and talked freely about them to other people. Every morning by eight o'clock Lydia's house was in order and she was ready to start out on her morning round of gossiping.

One cold Monday morning she threw a large black shawl over her head and set forth. She ran across the yard to the neighboring house and opened the door.

"Oh Mrs. Jones! I just ran over to tell you that Mr. and Mrs. Lawson have joined the Presbyterian horde. Them people never were up to much! I never knew a Lawson yet but what they was traitors an' turn-coats. Why, old Mr. Lawson went and turned a Tory, so you see that family don't amount to anything. Well, I must be going now. I was on my way to Rebecca Todds', but I just couldn't help running in to tell you. I think it's shocking, don't you? I'll run in again before noon," and Lydia Briggs threw her shawl over her head and set out for Mrs. Todds'.

The Todds lived about a block farther down the street so Mrs. Briggs hurried along in that direction. She was just about to turn in to the house when she saw Flora Smith coming out of her home across the street. By the look on her face Lydia Briggs knew that she had some news. Miss Smith ran across and excitedly confronted Mrs. Briggs.

"Oh Lydia, you can't guess what I just heard! I took down the receiver of my 'phone to call up the grocery store and Mabel Morrison was talking to Maggie Hammond; and what do you suppose I heard? Mabel said that she heard that Mary McMann had said that she expected Jack Winters would want to take her to the Methodist Church concert. What do you know about that? Now ain't that news?" and Flora Smith glanced triumphantly at Lydia.

"I suppose it is," said Lydia, begrudgingly, "but you ain't got much policy to listen over the 'phone to other people's conversations."

"I didn't," contradicted Flora Smith, "I couldn't help hearin' what they was sayin'. I bet you wish you had the chance to hear all they was sayin' so you could spread it all over Sherriton. I hung up almost as soon as I heard them talking, but you'd have listened till they got through talkin', so you would! And what's more, I'll never tell you another thing, so there!" and Miss Smith turned and walked rapidly down the street, leaving Mrs. Briggs speechless with anger.

Lydia Briggs recovered sufficiently to turn towards the Todds' house and, by the time she reached their back door, she had fully regained her self-control.

Opening the door she called, "Rebecca, Rebecca! Where are you?"

"Maw is up in the attic," answered the voice of little Bobby from the pantry, whence he emerged a moment later laden with apples and cookies.

"Law, child! Did your mother say you could cart all that food away?" asked the astonished visitor.

"N-no, but she didn't say I couldn't. Why do you want to know?" asked the little boy, beginning to edge towards the door.

"Now, don't get sassy, young man! I know your mother wouldn't want you to take all that good food out, I'll grant you're goin' to feed some of your pals too. I'm going to see what your mother says about it, anyways," said Mrs. Briggs and she hurriedly captured Bobby who was mentally contemplating a hasty retreat.

"Let go o' me, Mrs. Briggs. Let go!" yelled Bobby, trying to kick his captor.

"Here, stop that! Rebecca, O, Rebecca, will you come down here please and hurry," called Lydia.

Mrs. Todds hurried downstairs and opened the kitchen door. "What's the matter, Lydia? Why Bobby, you bad boy, what are you doing with all those cookies and apples? When I tell your father, you'll wish you hadn't been so generous with helping yourself to the victuals in the pantry," scolded Mrs. Todds. Then turning to Lydia Briggs she said, "Lydia, I can't say how glad I am that you happened along in time to save half of my cookies and a good half peck of my choicest apples."

Bobby was relieved of his load of goodies and sent outside with a box on the ear and a promise of further punishment that evening from his father. After he had departed the two women sat down in the kitchen for a short chat.

"Well, I just dropped in to tell you the news. Mr. and Mrs. Lawson were so bad that they was put out of the Methodist church, so they went an' joined the Presbyterian church. Them people never were any good and never will be. For two or three generations the Lawsons have been villains. Poor George just naturally inherits it. But that ain't all. That Flora Smith heard the Hammond's 'phone ring, so she hurried up an' took down her receiver an' listened to what was bein' said. Wasn't that a cheap thing to do? I never knew Flora Smith would stoop so low as to do a thing like that. Flora heard Mabel telling Maggie Hammond that Mary McMann and Jack Winters will soon be engaged. Jack's taking Mary all over with him. That's what I call real news," and Lydia Briggs sighed contentedly.

"Now, that sure is news! I think the engagement is rather sudden, don't you? But I don't suppose it matters much," said Rebecca.

"Well, I must be going now. I want to go over to Maisie Harrison's for a few minutes. Is that clock right? Land, I didn't think it could possibly be after ten o'clock!" So saying she put on her shawl and took her departure.

The Harrison's lived on another street so Lydia turned her steps in

that direction. She arrived just as Jim Harrison was going to bed, for that individual had worked all night and was about to settle down to sleep. Lydia's arrival did not have a soothing effect upon Jim, for it meant that he would be kept awake by her incessant chatter. She admitted herself by the side door and called to Mrs. Harrison.

"Oh Maisie! It's just me. I can only stay a few minutes, but I had to run in and tell you all the news. There is an awful lot to tell you this morning."

Jim Harrison muttered to himself, "The old gossip! Why can't she give us a rest? She was here Saturday and stayed over half an hour. The old chatterbox will drive me crazy yet with her clatter."

Lydia Briggs proceeded to give Maisie Harrison a slightly varied account of the Lawson affair which was anything but complimentary to that family.

"And what do you think," said Lydia, "Flora Smith listens over the 'phone when other people are talking. She heard that Mary McMann and Jack Winters are engaged. Ain't that sudden now? It fairly took my breath away."

"Gracious, it is sudden!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrison.

"I was over to Rebecca Todds' and I was just in time to catch Bobby carryin' half the victuals in the pantry outside to feed a lot of boys. He's an awful bad boy. Why, his mother had to whip him right in front of me! He even tried to kick me and his mother was too ashamed to speak," said Lydia.

"He must be a terrible child to act like that," said Mrs. Harrison.

"Is that eleven o'clock? My goodness I must hurry home and get the potatoes on for dinner. Joe'll be real mad if dinner ain't ready when he gets home," and Lydia Briggs hurried away, but this time in the direction of her own home.

About half past eleven she ran over to Jones' again.

"Oh, Mrs. Jones! Have you heard all the news? Then just listen to me! After I left this morning I met Flora Smith. She has taken to listening over the 'phone when people are talking and she hears an awful lot. She heard this morning that Mary McMann and Jack Winters are to be married soon. It is unfortunate for Jack has a terrible temper and Mary is that contrary that they'll never get along. I have a mind to go and see Mary and warn her before it's too late. It's real sad to think that they may both spoil their lives by such a marriage. Something must be done at once. Have you any suggestions to offer, Mrs. Jones?" asked Lydia.

"I can't say that I have. It's all so very sudden. I quite agree with you that it is a frightful mistake but what to do I don't know," answered Mrs. Jones concernedly.

"Rebecca Todds has a dreadful bad boy. They may have to put him in a reformatory yet. He undertook to remove the victuals from the pantry to feed a whole gang of boys while his mother was in the attic. I tried to stop him but he kicked me and was real sassy. His mother had to spank him right before me, and he is going to get a beating from his dad to-night. It's too bad she has such a child," and Lydia sighed deeply.

"Mercy, that's twelve o'clock! Joe will be home and no dinner ready. Come over this afternoon if you can. I'd be real pleased to have you," said Lydia and went back home to get dinner ready, leaving Mrs. Jones to ponder over the latest village gossip.

—Vivian Norwood, Lower V.

### A Coastline

Many were the yarns spun aboard ship regarding the great line of chalk cliffs jutting out into the sea as Flamborough Headland. Countless were the deeds of daring related, of smugglers' raids and forays witnessed by those numberless wave worn caves. Not the least appealing to me were the rarer descriptions of its natural beauties. Though often passing in sight of these mighty headlands, Fortune, that fickle goddess, had never before favoured me with a view of this promontory at close range.

Our trawler had been out patrolling, and when in that happy hunting ground of the submarine, which stretches from Bridlington Bay to Robin Hood's Bay, we were enveloped one morning in one of those cold, marrow-penetrating mists or fogs which, at that season of the year, are of almost daily occurrence on the North Sea. The periodic blast from the fog siren at Flamborough light becoming uncomfortably close, our skipper ordered the hook to be lowered away, just as the leadsman sang out, "And a half seven, Sir!"

After we had been swinging idly at anchor for several hours, the fog suddenly showed signs of lifting at about seven bells in the forenoon watch. All were now alert to see our exact position, well aware that we must be very close under the cliffs at Flamborough. Soon glimpses of the white chalk cliffs could be discerned through the rifts of now fast disappearing fog, which was scudding away before a stiff breeze.

Immediately before us towered an almost perpendicular wall of rock, to a height of approximately five hundred feet and consisting of pure chalk, the brilliant whiteness of which was softened by time. The effect was enhanced by the appearance, here and there, of streaks of green, where plants had found a footing. By the aid of my glasses, I could see that every minute ledge and cranny on that great wall of rock was crowded with myriads of sea fowl. An enormous multitude, row upon row, tier upon tier, could be identified while the air was filled with a croaking, screeching throng, to be numbered in tens of thousands. At times the sound made by this whirl of feathered life was almost deafening, and can, perhaps, be best likened to the applauding of thousands of human beings such as one may hear, (and at the farther distance the better) in the vicinity of our city on a Saturday afternoon when picked men battle for the possession of a leather ball. On the cliffs above, men were getting ready their lines and baskets preparatory to seeking Razorbill's eggs.

To the north lay Filey, with its red tiled roofs and chimney pots, snugly sheltered on the shores of Filey Bay, with the treacherous Brig to the right. Scarborough with its castle crowned hill appeared upon the skyline beyond the Filey Cliffs.

Immediately to the south were Flamborough light house and the cave worn cliffs; the intruding tide bursting and beating with heavy thud into the caverns beneath; the spray rising against the rocks like a glittering shaft of snow, and the drapery of returning water hanging in lacelike folds over every projection of rock. Beyond this lay Bridlington Bay, and Bridlington, and in the dim distance stretched the low cliffs of Holderness.

Startled by the rattling of the chains in the hawse-pipe, I was suddenly recalled from the pleasures of studying Nature's wonders, to the realm of practical duty. "Hold'er nor' east by east half east" shouted the skipper in stentorian tones, as I hurriedly took my station at the wheel. "Ay, Ay, Sir!" was my quick response as the good ship forged ahead, and we proceeded once more to ferret out, and destroy if possible, the deadly enemies of Britain's mercantile marine.

—"Matelot," Middle Two.

## ILLUSIONS.

Illusions! We need not look for them. Indeed our whole life is illusory in character. We hold to certain doctrines and beliefs today and tomorrow we find them shattered and find ourselves constructing anew out of the fragments. And it is this delusiveness and unreality that is one of life's greatest assets. The more mysterious and illusive a subject is, the keener is man's interest. The skylark, for instance, because it is never or seldom seen, piques the imagination and consequently is a source of inspiration to our poets. Wordsworth has made its song live even to those who have never heard it in lines, "Ethereal Minstrel, pilgrim of the sky,—" Tennyson in his little song "To the Cuckoo" has expressed his delight in the realm of the imagination.

"O blessed Bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial faery place,  
That is fit home for Thee!"

Vandyke, too, seems to regard life from much the same stand-point.

"And often I think that our whole life seems  
To be more than half made up of dreams."

What then are illusions? The dictionary defines them as deceptions, delusions. They must be false, then. The trouble is that we do not know that they are not true until we are disillusioned, and disillusionment is not always a pleasant experience. Sometimes we are very sorry when it comes because it has burst a golden bubble which we have treasured long. Sometimes we are glad, because we find that we have been making a mistake, following a false ideal, or harbouring an entirely wrong conception. Then again, disillusionment sometimes brings bitterness and loss of faith in God and man. The last is the most disastrous. From the others we recover in time and come to look back on our shattered dream as a childish error, but if it be something that we have been idealizing for a long time, something that has been exacting all our time and energy, or something that has become a very part of our being and upon the fulfillment of which our whole future seems to depend, then human nature too often breaks under the fall.

Look back upon your childhood and recall some of the little fancies and flights of imagination that were a part of your life then. Think of the beautiful being you imagined "slumber" to be! Do you remember her soft, floating garments and her strong protective arms which enfolded you so closely? Think too, of the wonderful figures which sprang out of your picture books and raced to and fro across the pages. And do not forget "Santa Claus," that merry-hearted, generous benefactor of all children, whose life is such a beautiful mystery. These are some of the illusions upon which we look back happily, and without which childhood would surely be barren.

Then there are illusions which when we learn the truth about them, if we ever do, we are sorry to have held. In a very small way we may apply this to every day life. Some question is in discussion. We make up our minds as to what is right or wrong and then we influence others to accept the same opinion. Later, probably, someone else points out the fallacy of our arguments. We are convinced that we are wrong and are sorry to have made the mistake. But this is something which was comparatively easily remedied. In a broader sense, it is more serious. For instance, there is the pursuing of a false ideal. When people first start upon the wrong path, they probably make excuses to their conscience, if it bothers them at all. Then success meets their efforts, and they become more ambitious and more zealous in their labours until at last we find them, en-



slaved to an illusion. Wealth is perhaps the easiest bait for such people. Men get a little money. They say, "Money does no harm. Someone has to have it." As their wealth accumulates, they often become mammon worshippers. Their illusion lies in false conception of the value of money, which colours all their intercourse with other men. They become selfish and materialistic and, sad to relate, only too often fail to see their mistake and fail to realize that "only that which is truly given, only that good which is done for the love of doing it,—only those gifts in which the giver forgets himself" are of true worth.

And are these all the illusions we entertain? No, there are others. There are those which seem to apply to the big things of life. They must pertain to something to which we have given our love, service and faith. It may be a person that we have loved and idealized and who has proven false. It may be our country and our fellow-citizens for whom we have given all and in whom we have been bitterly disappointed. It may be our religion, our beliefs, the fundamental laws of our lives, which seem suddenly to have failed us in some crisis. And now perhaps more than ever before in the world's history is life full of seeming and actual disillusionments. Out of clear skies every day dark clouds are swirling and darkening our vision. It is a time when all, no matter how firm, must be buffeted by the tempestuous winds. Then one word of warning! Let us remember that among us today is a class of men who are meeting the saddest disillusionments of their lives, partly due to reaction after a strenuous life and partly to us, the people at home. Remember then, and with our arms which have suffered less and as a consequence are steadier, help to hold them just above the surge, so that they may at least have a chance when the tumult subsides.

### Latent Talent

"Mis Hoyle looks very tired to-night." "Yes, she has been under such a strain all through the typhoid epidemic, that when she does get a few days off, she is too worn out to rest."

Such were the remarks made by two junior nurses, as they watched their matron pass out of the wide, cool corridor of the hospital into the oppressive heat of the close summer evening.

Not a breath stirred the air. The last majestic denizens of the great forest drooped their heavy branches over the avenue, as if weary of the struggle with the unrelenting sun. The pavements glared with a ghastly white haze in the gathering twilight. The sparrows had flown to the tree-tops to seek a cool spot for the night. Even the mosquitoes seemed to have been satiated with heat, and only an occasional one droned about Miss Hoyle's dark head. The windows of all the houses were thrown wide open as if panting for a cooling drop from Heaven. The spurt and hiss of lawn hose could be heard on all sides, and, as Miss Hoyle rounded the turn in the road, she saw, in her own yard, a silvery spray leaping out of the nozzle.

As she turned in at her own gate, the robins, which had been bathing themselves in the refreshing spray, flew to the overhanging branches with cheerful twitterings and ruffled feathers; a splendid brown and white col-lie bounded down the walk to paw his mistress; and from the wide, cool verandah of the white bungalow, set in a background of abundant foliage and luxuriant blossoms, an old lady called:

"O, come in, Miss Barbara. I thought you would be late, so I ate my supper alone, and kept an ice cold for you."

"I'm sorry to be so late; but therewere so many things to straighten up, when I am going away. Just think! A whole week! Whatever shall we do, Mack, for all that time? We'll go to a quiet beach and sleep and eat,



and row, and swim, won't we, old boy?" she exclaimed, racing to the house with the dog.

"But, first of all, we'll go in and enjoy Jane's ice," and she followed the dumpy little figure, quaintly clad in stiffly starched apron and befrilled cap, into the house.

Barbara came out later, with Mack at her heels, skipped across the lawn, and picked up the hose. The fatigue of the early evening had fallen as a cloak from her slim shoulders and her face was once more smiling and cheerful. All thoughts of the trials of the hospital had been banished from the nurse's mind. She revelled in the present beauty of the garden, softly illuminated in the golden glow of the moon, and exhaling the sweet fragrance of the blossoms. She stood still under an old gnarled oak, her slim athletic figure drawn up to its fullest height, struck silent with the wonder of it.

Many times the girl had stood thus, admiring the beauty of the moonlight, and, each time, it had not failed to impress her with its calm majesty. A tremulous sigh passed her lips, as she turned toward the house, followed by Mack who was betraying as much feeling as a human in his soft brown eyes.

They entered the music room, and Barbara seated herself at the piano, running her fingers lightly along the keys on which the moonlight threw a shaft of light, through the long open window. She began to play a soft ruminating melody, like the faint ripple of the waves on the sand; gradually growing louder and sweeter; introducing deeper, stronger notes swelling on, gaining intensity and power; then slowly deepening and becoming more solemn, throbbing out full, rich majestic tone, like the roll of the surges against the cliffs, then—a faint sobbing note—and, at last, a gentle whispering sigh, like a breeze trailing through the leaves. The moon rising in the heavens, shed its glowing radiance on her uplifted face. As Mack gazed eloquently at his mistress, she placed her cool fingers over his eyes to hide the dumb adoration that was almost bursting the soft brown depths.

Her free hand again sought the keys—but, quick heavy steps sounded outside. A sharp knock made the nurse start suddenly. She ran to the door to meet the telegraph messenger. With deft fingers she opened the envelope and scanned the message. Her face grew ashy white, her eyes dilated with terror. The boy was quickly dismissed, and she turned to Jane holding out the telegram, unable to speak. The little old lady nervously scanned the paper on which was written:

"Miss Barbara Hoyle,

Your brother severely injured. Will arrive Wednesday a.m.

A. E. Ford, N. B."

"O, Jane! whatever can it be!"

"There, there, dearie. Never mind now. Old Jane will take care of you and you must try to keep up. Telegrams is such nasty things. They get you all worked up over nothing at all."

"O," Barbara breathed in desperation, it isn't myself I'm worrying about. Just think of Gordon. If anything should—but no, I will not think of it. It cannot be! I must be courageous for his sake. If he will be here to-morrow, we must—"

"Now, dearie, you just leave everything to me. I'll fix up the blue room, and you run away by yourself."

Barbara wandered out into the garden for the second time that evening, but now, she was oblivious to the beauty of her surroundings. Seated on the grass, with her arms around Mack's neck, she poured out her heart's grief into his silky ear.

"Poor Gordon! You remember him, don't you Mack?" Somehow, the dog connected the name of his old playmate with the trouble in Barbara's face, and whined in understanding.

Barbara recalled the picture of her young brother, as he had left for college to take a civil engineering course. She had been so proud of this tall, handsome youth, who had thrown his arm protectively around his sister's shoulders, and had promised to take care of her all his life, after he should finish his course. She remembered also his frequent visits in holidays when the house had rung with his cheery whistle. In what wild rounds of tramping and riding all over the country, had they indulged! Then had come the triumph of his graduation, his rapidly-developing manhood, his first year of successful work "on his own."

The frank, open countenance rose vividly before her eyes. The dark hair waving away from the broad intellectual forehead; the baffling grey eyes—serious, sad, laughing, teasing, in their thousand different expressions—the lips wide open in a hearty laugh; the chin firm and resolute, passed and repassed across her mind. Ah! if she should lose him! She remembered, with a pang, how she had lost the other two dear ones of the family—the wonderful Mother, and then the Father, wearied of living in a place which no longer held the pride of his heart. All her affections were now centred on Gordon. A deep love had grown up between her and this splendid pal. They had shared all their confidence. How he delighted to "lord it over her" like a big brother, to advise her like a "Dutch uncle" as he had grown older! The happy remembrances brought a smile to her lips but the dread thought of the present quickly suppressed it, and, with renewed pain and anxiety in her eyes, she went into the house. She spent a wild, sleepless night, staring into the darkness, trying to calm her confused brain.

The morning dawned bright and clear. A soft pattering rain had cooled the earth during the night, and the day bade fair to be cool and pleasant. Barbara was pale and heavy-eyed from the sorrow of the night, but she had regained her self-control, and was again the competent nurse, ready for action.

Toward noon, an ambulance drew up slowly to the door. Two men jumped out and carefully drew a stretcher out of the back. At the sight of it, Barbara's hand flew to her heart, to stop its wild thumping. Could it be typhoid? But no—the telegram had said an "accident." As she caught sight of the pale drawn face her heart was in her mouth.

"O, if he is dead——" But the closed lids fluttered slightly, and the nurse reprimanded herself sharply for giving away to emotion.

The stretcher was carried into the blue room. The doctor, who had accompanied Gordon on the journey, stepped behind to talk to Barbara. Gently he drew her aside to explain. In the construction of a bridge, Gordon had fallen from a precarious position, and, although the result of the injury was yet uncertain, there were very grave fears—the doctor stumbled around, afraid to break the news.

"O, doctor, please say it. I am used to receiving shocks."

Meeting the grave eyes he said slowly, "Well, as yet, there has been no movement below the waist. You will understand the uncertainty of such cases, Miss Hoyle. Permanent paralysis sometimes results, and sometimes does not."

Barbara's steady eyes never flinched.

"I understand. I shall do my best. I have nursed cases like this before."

So saying, she passed into the house, and entered the blue room where Gordon was now comfortably placed. Leaning over, she took his hands in

hers, and bent down to kiss his forehead.

"Well, sis," he began, making a brave attempt to smile, "this is how your 'protector' comes home—to be taken care of, himself. Pretty soft, eh?"

"Oh, no!" she cried, quick to put him at ease, "why you have been protecting me so long that it is my turn now, don't you see? We can both take a rest together this summer. You have come just at a lucky time—when I have a week off, and——"

"And now I'm going to spoil all your plans," he said bitterly, turning his face away.

"Why, can't you see, you dear old thing," said Barbara softly, "that I shall enjoy doing this for you more than anything else."

He squeezed her hand, stiffening his quivering lips, and, feeling the confident clasp of her cool fingers, was his old cheery self again. In her calm presence, he felt the soothing comfort of the only mother he had ever known.

The days that followed were trying one for both Gordon and Barbara. It nearly broke her heart to see this ambitious young man writhing under the chains that bound him to an idle couch. In vain she tried to coax him out of his despondency with books, music, nature—anything. While he must remain thus inactive, he could never be satisfied. That he should ever be able to do anything in his present condition had not been entertained in his mind for a moment. As the summer's heat grew more oppressive, the sick man became more and more convinced that his career had been forever ruined. He became peevish and fretful, envious of the least move anyone else was able to make to help him in his weakness.

Lying on the couch on the wide verandah, he at first watched with interest the passing of a busy world, but, finally, grew so wild with envy of their freedom of movement, that he had to be moved to a secluded spot in the garden. Even when his attentions were drawn by Barbara to a bird's sweet song, he realized only that the bird could fly, while he could not so much as change the position of his own foot.

Barbara was worn out before a month was up, trying to find something to satisfy the sick man. She kept a small table at his side, loaded with drafting instruments and plans. He would work feverishly at these for a few minutes, only to cast them away again in disgust.

But for Barbara's soothing touch, her tight grasp, he would have been unable to control himself when contemplating the success of his first year's work. He soon allowed his trouble to prey upon his mind to such an extent that he lost interest in everything and everyone. Only when he would catch a sudden glance at Barbara's face off guard, pale and thin with its anxious expression, would he stop to reproach himself for selfishness. But she would quickly smooth it all over, and try to interest her brother in the things he used to enjoy with her, or would sing him to sleep with a sweet, crooning lullaby like a child.

For a whole day, the sun had blazed mercilessly on the parched earth, and Gordon had been scarcely able to endure the heat of the garden. In the evening, he lay on a couch in the music-room, with Barbara sitting on a stool at his side, trying to interest him in a book that she was reading. But his eyes kept wandering restlessly around the room, and he suddenly grasped her hands and clung to them with such a grip that she had to bite her lips to keep from crying out with the pain. Then, releasing them, he turned his face to the wall, hopelessly.

"My poor boy!" she whispered, running her fingers through his glossy hair.

"O Barbara," he said brokenly, "it's no use. If I could only do some-

thing! I can't stand this much longer!"

Both were silent. Barbara was as helpless as he. She had tried again and again with unsuccessful attempts to draw him out of his despondency. Finally, turning to her, he said,

"Play me something."

She crossed to the piano, anxious to satisfy his merest wish. She began to play at a low sweet lullaby, but he interrupted her with—

"Oh please, not that! Play something wild—something about the sea!"

A heavy opening bar was struck. The bass notes swelled out, roaring like angry billows. The music rolled on and on, casting over the tranquil night an angry, dark spell. The surges dashed against the rocks, gurgling angrily, when, suddenly, above the sound of rushing waters rose the wierd shrill cry of a bird, being dashed to pieces on the raging sea.

The music stopped and Barbara turned around saying to Gordon:

"I never play that piece, but I think of a sketch that Mae Armstrong once gave me. You remember the summer we spent at the coast? I was resting after working, and she was hunting for material for pictures and drew this sketch for me. It is just like the music—the waves dashing up on the shore, and beating against the rocks, and a bird, up above the waves, battling against the tempest with broken wings. It is really wonderful. I must show it to you some day."

Gordon did not answer. He lay still and white, as if exhausted by a hard struggle. His restless mood had been borne away with the rush of the music, and he was left, soothed and quietened and soon dropped into peaceful slumber.

Barbara tip-toed out of the room, and glancing in before she went to bed decided to leave him undisturbed, sleeping peacefully in the calm moonlight.

In the dead of night, Gordon awakened, wondering where he was. The room was lighted with the clear, although waning light of the moon, and he felt a strange pounding in his ears. What was it? It sounded just like the roll of the sea—ah! it was the music that Barbara had played for him in the evening. As he lay still, listening to the roar of the breakers, he felt a sudden desire to draw, scribble—do something on paper. Reaching out to his little table, he found pencil and paper, and transferred to the paper, the sea that was sounding so vividly in his ears. When he had finished, the sound was gone, and he was wafted back to peaceful slumber by the murmuring breeze in the trees outside his window.

In the morning, when Barbara entered the room, he was already awake. She picked up a piece of paper that had blown across the floor, and turning it over in her hand, she stopped, and began to cross the room slowly, looking at it with a puzzled expression.

"Where did this come from? Did I bring down Mae's sketch to show you last night?"

"What? Let me see it."

As Gordon looked at it, he remembered the incident of the night and grinned sheepishly.

"Well, I hardly like to tell you. It might make you conceited about your musical ability," he said, in his old teasing tone that Barbara thought he had forever forgotten, "but, the fact is, I woke up in the middle of the night with the music pounding in my head, and a passionate desire to draw a picture of the sea."

"Gordon, you didn't!" she said in surprise. Then a light slowly dawned in her dark eyes, and she exclaimed delightedly, "Oh, I knew it! I knew it!"

"You knew what, Madame Wisdom? You knew what?" shouted Gordon impatiently, curiously excited.

"Why, Gordon, you can draw! That's what you can do! You were always able to do drafting so well, you know——"

"By Jiminy Crickets!" said Gordon, slowly, "who would a' thunk it!—Why Barbara," in quick surprise, "We-ll! if girls aren't the silliest! What in the world are you crying about?"

But, in spite of his assumed scorn at her tears, he drew her head down and kissed his sister tenderly, while deep down in his heart, he knew why she sought expression of her joy in tears, and even, felt a lump rising in his own throat as he gently patted her head.

—Jessie McGeachy, Middle II

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### Methane

Scotland, or rather the lowlands of Scotland is a land of flickering lights and shadows of low-lying mists and deep, purpled twilights, of deeply set marshes and heather-clad moors, a land of mystery and superstition, of terrifying "ghaists" and fearful "bogles," of witches, "deils," and hob-goblins, a land of "Will-o- the-wisp."

"Wills-o-the-wisps!" What were they? No one knew, They were just accepted as a part of the eerie mystery, which enveloped Scotland. No one knew whence they came or whither they went. But always someone would see them, would hasten home to fasten the latch, and would gather the family about a dimmed light to tell them of the delusive, phantom-like lights on the marsh. He would tell them that sometimes the light would just flash across the surface and disappear, seeming to the awe-struck watcher like the dark wing of a bat or the shadow of an evil spirit, that sometimes the whole marsh would glow with a phosphorescent light as if all the reeds and rushes were being illuminated from some hidden source and that again soft, blue masses would undulate back and forth, now visible and now hidden, as if a tiny moonlit cloud had dropped from the heavens to be wafted about by the gentle night breezes or sometimes its soft pulsations seemed like the floating, delicately-traced garment of a good fairy. As the tale proceeded, the little group would draw their chairs up closer and at the least crack or stir would peer anxiously toward the windows.

Scientists would say, "It's just Methane. I can give you the formula, C.H.<sub>4</sub>." But to Scotch lads and lassies, it is the whispered "Wills-o-the-wisp," and is accompanied by hurrying steps and many a hasty glance backward.

—Upper School

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### THE MUSIC OF NATURE

How many of us have ever stopped to think that Nature has an orchestra? Not many, I am afraid. We have become so accustomed to the various sounds Nature sends forth, that we never think of them as music. Still she has one, the music of which is more magnificent than that of any orchestra we have ever heard. We never hear all of it together, however, but only parts of it at one time. It is in the Springtime, after the huge white blanket of snow that has enveloped the sleeping earth for so many months, has been lifted, that Nature's instruments begin to tune up for their Prelude. Everything is awakening from its long winter sleep, and makes known its joy to be alive in music. Thus, if we wish to hear Nature at her happiest, we must listen in the Springtime.

When we speak of Nature's music, the first that naturally comes to our minds is that of the birds, those cheery little songsters, who are always

the harbingers of spring, an da ne wlife. There is something universally contagious in the awakening of Nature. Robins hurry hither and thither, trying every available resting place, fence posts, trees, and shrubbery, in impatient succession, with little bursts of song, that are irresistible. Crows pass in flocks overhead in steady flight, and with their harsh "Caw! Caw!" proclaim that once more Spring in all its beauty and majesty has arrived. The woodpecker taps away at the tree, as though trying to draw everyone's attention all to himself, while he repeats the same message to glad ears. All these little pipes and twitterings are blended together into one great bird call, which makes the air, itself, seem a living thing. This is Nature's most cheering and enticing music, which everyone knows and appreciates, although he may not understand it. The birds blow the flutes and run up and down the piano treble notes in Nature's orchestra.

Over in the marshy little pond the watchful moon looks down and smiles on the diminutive little ripples and movements of the water. Suddenly from this peaceful little spot issues a hoarse croak, a gurgle—and then all is still. Almost immediately, from across the pond, comes an answer in the same guttural tone. Then the whole pond seems alive with voices, as first one, and then another raise their hoarse cries on the keen night air. The sounds seem endless, for every few moments the air is vibrant with song again. This is the frog—also an advance messenger, proclaiming the awakening of Spring. The soft, bleating note that comes to our ears from the brush, and long grass by the roadside, belongs to his cousin, the toad. These children of Nature rattle the bones at intervals in her orchestra.

And where has this little marsh been, from which this music issues? All winter, it, too, has been fast asleep in its snowy bed, under its coverlet of ice, but now that the warm rays of the sun have whispered that it is time to awake, the little stream has quickly thrown off its covering, and is once more ready to run and dance through the warm summer days. Similarly with the little rivulet which rises way up on the mountain side, and comes tinkling gaily down the steep rock, rippling over little stones, and bubbling with laughter and joyousness as it descends. What more beautiful or more cheering music can we have than from these little streams, splashing over rocks and boulders on their way perhaps to the big river. Here the noise of their larger brother quite drowns the little voices, but they keep merrily on, while the big river in turn, rushes along to join the parent water—the ocean. This great moving expanse of water has always been a source of wonder and mystery. It is always rumbling as though in anger, and is constantly at war with the land. Continuous advances are being made by the ocean, which thunders down on the dissolving sand, and breaks into lashes of angry foam. The land, in return, on the going out of the tide, advances threateningly, and the ocean retreats with a dull muffled roar, trying to regain lost territory, but failing. This battle for supremacy has been going on for countless ages, and will continue to all eternity, the ocean producing all the noise of battle, and the land saying nothing, but quietly performing its part. The ocean makes its fiercest attacks on dark days,—when the storm clouds lower darkly overhead. Then it lashes itself into fury, and bursts with mighty roars and thunders on the shore. Not succeeding in vanquishing its enemy immediately, it becomes more and more angry each time, bursting with mighty fury on the defiant shore. Finally however its strength is spent, and its powerful voice dies down to a low moan, as it realizes that once more it has failed to subdue the land. The ocean plays the bass violin in Nature's orchestra.

One ally of the ocean is the wind. It is first the stiff little breeze that prepares the ocean for an attack, whispering little things against the land

into its ear, until finally it lashes itself into fury, and commences another battle. But the wind is no coward, whispering nasty little things and then running away. Oh no! It urges on the ocean first with sly whispers, then with loud murmurs, and finally with shrill whistles, like the call to arms, it summons the forces together. It rushes terrifically on at the head of the opposing forces, and greatly strengthens their courage by loud outbursts of encouragement, and promises of success. But much damage though it may do, it is never able to completely overcome its enemy, and finally, like the ocean, it is forced to die down from sheer exhaustion. The loud whistle gradually changes to one less shrill, then to a low moan, and finally dies away altogether. But the wind is not always at war. In peace, sometimes, its soothing lullaby is as gentle as a mother's song to her babe in the cradle. Again its soft swishing sound, as it plays amongst the leaves on the trees, has the same effect as low music to a tired ear. This child of Nature is very musical, and fiddles the bow-strings on her violin.

A second ally in this great battle is the thunder. When the storm clouds lower darkly, and the thunder beats the alarm before the battle, we know that the elements of Nature are preparing for a siege. The thunder comes from a great distance to join the army, and is scarcely discernible at first. As it approaches, however, its rumbling becomes louder and louder, until it finally reaches a climax in terrible roars, and frightful claps, which noise alone is almost enough to make the opposing force lay down their arms. Thunder always inspires with fear, seeming like some unknown giant, bent on leaving behind him a trail of destruction and desolation. Thunder gives the impetus to the music, and plays the big bass drum in Nature's orchestra.

In company with thunder comes the rain. Sometimes when the battle is raging, we hear it beating down with almost a thundering noise itself, as though it were doing its utmost to thrash the very life out of the land. In contrast with this, is that rain which comes to us as a messenger of Spring, and awakens the tiny flowers from their winter beds. This is a quiet gentle rain, which falls softly through the air, with a peaceful swishing sound. It is very refreshing to all Nature's creatures, and also very material in keeping them alive. The rain beats the steady tattoo on the kettle drums in Nature's orchestra.

Thus we see that Nature really has an orchestra, which, unfortunately, we hear only in parts. If she would only assemble all her musicians at once, and give a great concert what music would be there! It would be quite beyond anything we mortals could ever accomplish, something more wonderful and magnificent than we could ever imagine! To hear only part of it as we do now, the solos, duos, and trios, help us to conceive what it might be like, if only the whole orchestra could burst forth at once. We speak of these musicians as Nature's children, but are not all Nature's children God's children? He made them all, and he made us too, so why cannot we be included in this great orchestra? Surely we could learn to play some instrument that would be fitting. Perhaps we could not all play the same thing, as some through their years of unhappiness and toil would be unable to run gaily up and down the silvery notes of happiness. But those could be brought in by the children, who have not yet taken up those cares within their reach. The young men and women just taking up the troubles of life, would perhaps be able to bring out the clear notes of the cornet, while the real workers, the middle-aged people, would produce the dominant melody, and play the steady persistent strain of the piano bass notes. At intervals the aged, worn out by life cares and troubles, could chime sadly in with the long-drawn, soothing notes of the 'cellos. Oh



what music we would have then with all God's creatures, high and low, working in sympathy with one another, all together, in the great orchestra of life!

—Lillian Fuller, Upper School.

### SPRING

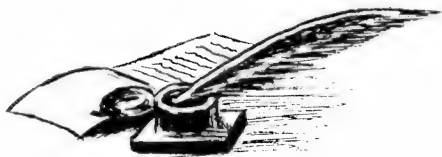
The whole of nature seems  
To have blossomed in a night,  
And every little bird  
Trills a song with all its might,  
And through the woods sweet laughter rings,  
Mingled with the breath of Spring.

Deep blue violets peep  
From beneath the mossy ground,  
And rosy children love them—  
The violets that they had found.  
And through the woods sweet laughter rings,  
Mingled with the breath of Spring.

Dimpling little streams  
O'er stones and mosses flow,  
And contribute to the Season  
Their music soft and low.  
And through the woods sweet laughter rings,  
Mingled with the breath of Spring.

The whole of earth seems glowing  
With live things, large and small,  
With birds, and bees and blossoms,  
And joy runs through it all.  
And through the woods sweet laughter rings,  
Mingled with the breath of Spring.

—Jean B. Conn, Middle I.



Sproule—"I'd like to sell my Hupmobile."  
Garage man—"What's the matter with it?"  
Sproule—"Nothing."  
Garage—"Then what do you want to sell it for?"  
Sproule—"Nothing."  
Garage Man—"All right, I'll take it."

Lilian Fuller—"What gives Elgin Turnbull that sour expression?"  
Mary McGeachy—"Oh, he got a job last summer writing testimonials for 'Burdock Blood Bitters' and the effect hasn't worn off yet."



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# HOO'S HOO

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## ROGUE'S GALLERY

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Edition 999,999,999.

Published centennially in Chinese,  
Siamese, Hottentot and Pigeon English

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"Red" Cowan—A bad man carries a set of phoney dice.

Bernice Knowles—A vamp; watch your step, boys!

Johnny LeBel—A hero; shoots a wicked cue.

"Dadie" Clark—An Amazon; makes Pearl White look like an amateur.

Freddie Pugh—A slicker; uses "Polarine" on his pompadour.

"Rouge" Caldwell—A villain; tries to make the world believe he is a woman-hater.

Delmar Dupee—A Bolshevik; slightly unbalanced but quite harmless.

Stewie Richardson—A cosmopolitan; buys "Old Gold" cigarettes and puts them in a "Pall Mall" box.

Alex. Lucas—A tough guy; has been known to wink at his sister.

Norman Weston—A financier; can have a whale of a time on a plugged nickel.

Olive Simpson—An acrobat; is going to give Annette Keliernan a hard run.

Elgin Turnbull—A Shylock; can be found after school at his second-hand store on Front Street.

Harry McCobb—The model boy; used to play snap but cut it out as it was ruining his morals.

Walter Potter—A Dead-Eye Dick; made a fortune writing testimonials for "Tanlac."

"Betty" Willson—An idol; makes 'em all sit up and take notice.

Jack Richardson—A man's man; made a hit with the girls with his 14 karat brass tooth.

Ione Caldwell—a real sport; the stunts she can do would not more than fill one graveyard.

Olive McGrath—A peach; hasn't missed a dog fight in years.

Addie Bennett—A star; has signed up to play with the Allan Cup Gang in the finals.

Melba Brown—A celebrity; spends most of her time reading invitations and letters from———

Floyd Gigax—A Commercialite; is looking for a red cap and a pair of turned up shoes to wear in his harem.

Alice Callum—A live wire; is reputed to have said she enjoyed going to school.

Leila Fraser—A musiker; is an accomplished vamp like all the ladies from Middle I.

## Autograph Page

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**Autograph Page**

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### Girls' Athletics

The girls' athletics of the S. C. I. constitute no small part of the school activities, and each year sees a noticeable increase in the number of feminine athletes, or "Amazons," as "those pesky boys" dub them. This year may be rightly termed the most successful one that the athletes among idual players but they did not work together like the S.C.I. five who won the G.A.A. Executive was formed, which inspired the girls with "pep" from the first of the year. Field Day passed off with unusual success, almost all the girls, except a few dignified and rheumatic Seniors, participating. Now the basketball season is on. Since November the girls have faithfully practiced, and with Mr. Graham as coach, have succeeded in forming the "best team ever." Four of last year's players are still in the game, and a new centre has been introduced who adds greatly to the strength of the team, and completes a combination hard to oppose. As yet only two games have been played, but the girls are still keeping in trim, and hoping for a game with St. Thomas.

Hockey, too has been revived, and at the rate the girls show up in practice, they bid fair to follow in the footsteps of the illustrious seven who staged the famous Forest game of 1918. The "Amazon" teams, the Humbugs and the Gumdrops, are practicing energetically in the hope that they may be able to locate an outside team that will be willing to play them. In the meantime, the whole school eagerly awaits developments!

### Basketball

#### S. C. I., 15—C. C. I., 6

On January 16th, the first basketball game of the year was staged in the Chatham gymnasium which was crowded to the doors with an enthusiastic turn-out of Collegiate rooters. The S. C. I. girls, following the example set by the rugby team, appeared resplendent in brand new blue and white middies which made it much easier for them to recognize one another during the game. With the first jump at centre, the Chatham centre, Eleanor Baxter, evidently overestimated her jumping ability. At any rate

she knocked her knee out of joint, thus forcing the Chathamites to play a substitute throughout the game. The game itself was "fast and furious," Chatham scoring a field basket first. After the first few moments of hesitancy, however, the S. C. I. quintette settled down to steady play and the first period ended 8-6 in favour of Sarnia. During the last period Chatham did not score at all, but Sarnia succeeded in making seven points closing the game 15-6 in their favour. The Chatham team displayed good individual players but they did not work together like the S. C. I. five who won the game absolutely by superior combination and the excellent shooting of Florence Buckindail, the new centre star.

Lineup: Guards: Margaret Clark (Capt.); Lilian Fuller; Centre, Florence Buckindail; Forwards, Bessie Grace; Leila Fraser; Sub, Margaret Dawson; Referee, Dr. McGowan, Chatham.

#### Chatham, 3—Sarnia, 15

The return game was played on January 30th in the Sarnia gym., and although the Maple City did not succeed in piling up a very heavy score, still the game was not as one-sided as the 15-3 result would seem to indicate. From the start when the S. C. I. team secured a field basket we had everything our own way, but Chatham never lost heart and put up a merry battle from start to finish. The score at the end of the first period was 10-3 in favour of the S. C. I. During the last period Chatham did not score at all but the S.C.I. managed to gain five points. Margaret Dawson,



**Girls' Basketball Team**

Standing: Bessie Grace, Leila Fraser, Margaret Dawson. Seated: Lilian Fuller, Margaret Clark (Capt.); Florence Buckindail.

the team substitute played the last five minutes of the game in place of Leila Fraser. Margaret put up a good game and we foresee in her one of the coming S. C. I. basketball stars.

Lineup: Guards, Margaret Clark, (Capt.); Lilian Fuller; Centre, Florence Buckindail; Forwards, Bessie Grace, Leila Fraser; Sub, Margaret Dawson; Referee, Mr. Graham, Sarnia.

### Hockey

On Thursday afternoon, February 26th, the S. C. I. girls assembled at the Arena to try their initial workout in the exciting sport of hockey playing. The male element of the school was barred from the rink, since the girls were rather dubious as to the comments that "those horrid boys" might pass upon their playing ability. Two teams, the Humbugs and the Gumdrops, were chosen, but when these were in their places at 4.45, Johnny LeBel, the proposed referee, could not find his skates. However, Johnny was game and agreed to run about the ice in rubbers and keep his eye on the play. And it was some game! The skating and "com" of those girls was certainly a treat! They were continually colliding and knocking one another down. At such times the puck was left to its own devices, while the offender picked the unfortunate one up off the ice and tendered profuse



**Girls' Hockey Teams—Humbugs and Gumdrops**

Standing—Ione Caldwell, Margaret Deans, Addie Bennett, Alice Callum.  
Seated—Frances Grace, Olive McGrath, Lilian Fuller, Margaret Dawson,  
Margaret Clark. Absent—Bessie Grace.

apologies.

At first the play was rather slow as the girls were somewhat uncertain as to just what they should, and should not, do. However, they soon settled down to play in real earnest, the Humbugs securing the first goal. When the teams began to feel the strain of such energetic playing, they all agreed that it was time to rest, so the first period ended with the Humbugs ahead 3-0.

Johnny LeBel had also fatigued himself running about in his rubbers, so at the beginning of the second period Dave Harding kindly consented to take his place and follow the puck around for awhile. The second period opened with a rush. The new referee proved less partial to the girls than Johnny. With a wave of his hand he banished Ione Caldwell to the sidelines for tripping. Play was stopped for a moment while the Gumdrops expostulated, but to no avail. A few moments later, however, the mild protests of the Gumdrops were drowned in the loud clamour of the Humbugs when Lilian Fuller was also banished for tripping. No time-keeper being present and no watch available, the girls stood at the sidelines and counted the seconds aloud. When they had reached their time limit they rushed back into the fray. The teams now again became somewhat weary, so the end of the second period was called—6-2 in favour of the Humbugs.

The third period opened with the same referee still on the job. Russel McAllister appeared at this juncture with a load of hockey sticks and a store of good advice. By freely loaning both to the girls he helped the teams considerably. Margaret Clark, another Humbug, drew a penalty for tripping. She was extremely loathe to leave the ice and was therefore given an extra three seconds for delaying the game. At this interval, Bessie Grace turned several flipflops on the ice, her skate having worked loose. By interrupting the play every five minutes to adjust the strap, she managed to stay in the game. Play progressed for some little time without a score. The climax of the game was reached when Margaret Clark's skate managed to free itself from her shoe and glided across the ice alone. This broke up the game, the girls all agreeing that they "just wanted to stop then, anyway!"

The Line-up: Humbugs—Margaret Dawson, Centre; Margaret Clark, R. Wing; Lilian Fuller, L. Wing; Alice Callum, Defence; Addie Bennett, Goal. Gumdrops—Olive McGrath, Centre; Bessie Grace, R. Wing; Frances Grace, L. Wing; Margaret Deans, Defence; Ione Caldwell, Goal. Referees, Johnny LeBel, Dave Harding.

### Learn These Few Simple Rules and You Will Never Fail in Algebra Exams:

1. The reputation of a student varies inversely as the number of private sessions with the principal in the office.
2. The number of dice in the possession of Middle 2 boys varies inversely as the square of the number of Miss Harris' visits to the form.
3. The individual space varies inversely as the number of people in the Tally-ho (This contributed by Lower 5).
4. The amount of pocket money varies inversely as the amount of chalk hurled and the number of test-tubes shattered.
5. The number of pencils in the possession of the girls varies inversely as the number of boys in the form.
6. The amount of sleep indulged in daily varies directly as the number of spaces spent in the Science Room.
7. The number of benign smiles from Mr. Grant varies directly as the square of the number of Latin rules memorized.
8. The amount of homework prepared varies inversely as the number of nights spent at the rink.



During the past year Boys' Athletics have flourished beyond the brightest expectations. Practically every branch of sport that has been undertaken has been successfully carried on, and both students and school have benefitted from the efforts of the various teams.

The Board of Education has stood behind the boys in their sporting activities and has thus contributed greatly to the general success. The shields and medals presented to the Field Day champions were donated by the Board, and the members of the Rugby Team proudly wear the beautiful blue and white sweaters—also the gift of the “school fathers.”

The City Athletic Club has shown an active interest in S. C. I. Athletics. Through the columns of “The Collegiate” the boys of the Rugby Team wish to express to the members of the Athletic Club their sincere gratitude for their timely financial assistance.

The encouraging attendance at the home games this year was an inspiration to the teams, and the school spirit which existed throughout the year did much to bring the success that has been realized.

### Baseball

Every other branch of sport flourished at the S. C. I. last year, and baseball was no exception. As usual, a school league was formed to develop home talent. It was composed of three teams captained by McDougall, Jennings and McGibbon. After a very successful series the final standing showed Jennings and McDougall tied for the championship. Unfortunately, this tie was never played off and we are still in doubt as to who can rightfully claim the honours of the diamond.

As well as maintaining the local league, the students organized a team to play outside schools. Games were arranged with the High School teams in St. Clair, Port Huron, and Crosswell as well as with the local Mueller aggregation and the Imperial nine. Varying success rewarded the efforts of the S. C. I., but on the whole their standing was very creditable. They played seven games in all and lost but two. The school team was composed as follows: McGibbon, McDougall, Duncan, Jennings, (captain), McCobb, Cowan, Johnston, Corey, Hayes, Garvie, and Paterson.

### Rugby

The 1919 Rugby season recently closed proved to be one of the most successful that the school has ever witnessed. Although the team failed to land the provincial championship by the narrow margin of one point, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they have no peers in interscholastic rugby west of Hamilton.

In September, when the pigskin enthusiasts began to talk up rugby,





**The Rugby Team, 1919**

First row: Keith Watson, Carl Manore, Orville Johnston, Ross Hayes, Elgin Turnbull. Second row:- Norman Weston, Coach Jack Newton, Kenneth McGibbon, Principal C. L. Brown, George Simpson. Third Row: Kenneth Sproule, Neal Gabler, Gordon Carr, Harry Randolph, Ivan Caldwell, Johnny LeBel, Jack Richardson, Ted Newton, Hardy Hill, Charlie Garvie.

succession. In the closing moments of the game Hayes kicked to the dead-line, making the final score Sarnia, 9— Hamilton, 8.

Since the two teams were thus tied on the round, ten minutes overtime was agreed upon. In the last two minutes of the overtime, Hayes kicked, it was returned, Sarnia was forced to rouge, and the championship was lost!

The S. C. I. line-up was as follows: Flying wing, Johnson; Half-backs, Hayes, McGibbon, Manore; Quarter-backs, LeBel; Scrim., Randolph, Caldwell, Richardson; Inside Wings, Newton, Hill; Middle Wings, Gabler, Carr; Ends, Sproule, Garvie; Spares, Watson, Weston, Simpson, Turnbull.

#### Presentation of Sweaters

The presentation of the sweaters to the rugby team was a fitting close to the successful season. A meeting of the whole student body was called in the Assembly Hall for the function. The Board of Education was represented by Rev. J. R. Hall, J.T. Patton and J.B. Williams who gave short speeches complimenting the team on their sportsmanship. Then Mr. J. B. Williams assisted by Principal Brown presented the sweaters to the individuals. The gift was acknowledged by Captain "Poke" McGibbon, after which the team displayed their vocal powers in a few rousing yells. Before the meeting was dismissed the students expressed their appreciation of the Rugbyites by enthusiastic cheering.

#### The O. R. F. U. Executive

Sarnia's powers in football circles has been recognized by the rugby authorities at Toronto. At the annual meeting held in that city, last fall, two Sarnia men were elected to the executive. "Jack" Newton, our coach and trainer last season was chosen second Vice-president, and our worthy principal, Mr. C. L. Brown was installed as one of the inter-scholastic representatives on the executive.

#### Rugby Notes

The most gratifying feature of the rugby season was the sportsman-like spirit which the Sarnia boys displayed at home and abroad. Various letters and reports attested to the fact that the team reflected great credit on their home city, and as the Toronto paper put it, they played "like true gentlemen." Although the school regrets that the cup could not rest in Sarnia this winter, still we feel that the reputation that Sarnia has gained for true sportsmanship and fair play is worth far more than the championship.

\* \* \*

The thanks of the school are due Mr. McLellan who faithfully accompanied the boys on all their rugby trips, and in many cases acted as a referee. The whole-hearted interest which he exhibited in all Collegiate sports was an inspiration to the teams. We all deeply regretted his departure from Sarnia.

\* \* \*

The splendid loyalty and school spirit displayed by the "scrub" team as they took the nightly pounding from the heavier seniors, ensures a good "first" team when their turn comes.

The seconds played four games with local junior teams, three being with the North Ward Juniors, and one with the Junior Bear Cats. The latter team was defeated by the students to the tune of 16-0; but the North Ward proved more than a mouthful, for they held us down to one victory during the whole series.

One of the hard workers on the gridiron last fall was "Stan." Teskey. Owing to the fact that his certificate was entered too late, "Stan." was barred from entering the O. R. F. U. series, but he was out every night giving the regulars the opposition that they so much needed to prepare them for the big games.

\* \* \*

Through the columns of "The Collegiate" the S. C. I. football squad wish to express to "Jack" Newton their deep gratitude for his invaluable services as coach last fall. It was wholly due to Mr. Newton's efforts that such success attended the efforts of the rugby team.

### BASKETBALL

With practically all of last year's team away to college this year, the task confronting the basketball enthusiasts at the first of the season was a difficult one. However, at a meeting held one evening, Harry McCobb was elected captain and a team was picked. Johnston the big, long, lean, lanky chap from Lower IV was drafted for the centre forward position, with Howard, Currie and McCobb to support. Sproule, Gabler and Corey were chosen for the guard, and the season was in full sway.



**Boys' Basketball Team**

Standing: Kenneth Sproule, Neal Gabler, Orville Johnston, Jack Currie.  
Seated: David Howard, Harry McCobb, (Capt.), Hibbert Corey.

**S. C. I., 22—Old Boys, 15**

The first game was with the Old Boys. Since this was the first time that the students had played together their lack of combination play was quite noticeable. They had to play against a much heavier team but in spite of these drawbacks, they squeezed out a victory.

**S. C. I., 21—Chatham, 26**

Sarnia's next game was with the Chatham quintette on its own floor. Both teams played a fast game, but Sarnia's unfamiliarity with the floor somewhat hampered their efforts. Paxton and McColl starred for Chatham, while Howards accurate shooting accounted for many of Sarnia's points.

**S. C. I., 24—Chatham, 7**

The return game in Sarnia reversed the scores considerably. Chatham's lineup had been somewhat weakened by sickness, but they brought up a strong team. The Sarnia team was much lighter than their opponents, but they displayed better combination and team play.

\* \* \*

At the time of going to press the basketball season is not finished. The manager is endeavouring to arrange home and home games with St. Thomas, and it is hoped that we will witness many games in our gymnasium before the season finally closes.

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**Athletic Meet in London**

Word has been received regarding the big athletic meet to be held in London on the 24th of May. This event will embrace practically all the Collegiates and High Schools of Western Ontario, and will be well worth our attention. Some splendid trophies have been set up for competition as well as many smaller awards. The S. C. I. has always been active in athletics, especially in field meets, and it is to be hoped that arrangements can be completed to send a team to participate.

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**HOCKEY**

Seldom has hockey been so enthusiastically supported as during the last two years. At every game boys and girls alike lined the gallery of the Arena and cheered the S. C. I. team on to victory. On the termination of the rugby season in December, the puckchasers began to lay plans for hockey. Our chief difficulty was to find a net tender to take the place of Harold Slater, who removed to England in October. Harry Prout, the stellar goal tender for the Imperials in 1918-19, solved the problem by offering to help the boys.

A team was entered in the City League which was divided into two groups. The Collegiate was booked to meet Mueller's, Dowler's and the Lumbermen in home and home games for the group title. The splendid team work of the blue and white carried them through the preliminaries without the loss of a single game. The Imperials were now the only barrier in the way of the City Championship. This team had won its group with flying colours and no odds were offered on either team. The Imperials had the edge on the Collegiate team in weight, but this advantage was offset by the speed of their lighter opponents.

To all but the members of the team and their most optimistic supporters, the heavy score piled up against them at the first game seemed to seal the fate of the Championship. The slushy condition of the ice enabled the Imperials to take full advantage of their weight, and the resulting score was 4-1.

The second battle approached with weather conditions more favorable

to the Collegians. Both teams answered the referee's bell with confidence. The whole city was now cheering for the Collegiate and the students massed in the gallery operated megaphones and voices with no uncertain sound. Time after time the Imperials made vain attempts to break the offensive of the Collegiate players, who were able to "skate circles" around their opponents on the hard ice. When the final whistle blew the score stood an exact reversal to that of the previous game.

This tie necessitated an additional deciding game. Owing to the illness of some of the players, the interval between the games was prolonged for a week. The weather continued favourable and on the fateful day, February 24th, the ice was all that could be desired. As a result of the interest created throughout the city by the tie of the previous games, the arena was crowded to capacity for the final contest.

The game started with a rush, Garvie scoring first goal for the Collegiate. After a few minutes of fierce play the Imperials netted one again, tying the score. At the close of the first period Cowan placed his team in the lead and Garvie again scored.

At the commencement of the second period Howard passed to Hayes for the first score. "Chic" again tallied, completely fooling Joss and placing the puck in an open net. The Imperials now battled desperately for their reputation and rained a shower of shots on Prout, who allowed but one to



**Boys' Hockey Team**

Standing: Frank Cowan, David Howard, Principal C. L. Brown, Burton Phippen, Jack Richardson, Johnny LeBel, Charlie Garvie. Seated: Ross Hayes, Captain; Harry Prout, Kenneth McGibbon.

slip by. LeBel worked down the entire length of the ice for the next goal which was, however, soon counterbalanced by an Imperial score. Howard and LeBel combined for another count.

LeBel opened the third period by notching again for the Collegiate. Howard then scored twice and was followed by two from Hayes. In the closing minutes of the game the Imperials came to life with a fifth goal, leaving the final score 12-5, in favour of the Collegiate.

The Collegiate wishes to compliment Bill Legg of London on his efficient handling of the games.

\* \* \*

### Personnel of the Team

It would be impossible to select individual stars on the Championship team, for everyone played exceptionally well and all are equally deserving of praise.

Prout by his vigilance saved many a goal for the Collegiate when they were hard pressed by their opponents. By the peerless manner in which he defended the nets throughout the season, Harry won a place in the hearts of the fans that can be taken by no other.

Cowan and Garvey, on defence, proved the Gibraltar against which the waves of Imperial assault were hopelessly broken. Their combination won the acclaim of all while their lone sallies down the ice brought cheering thousands to their feet!

The "never say die" spirit of the old "Die Hards" at Talavera was demonstrated to perfection in the indomitable attitude displayed by Hayes, McGibbon and LeBel under the adverse conditions of the first game. This plucky trio refused to be downcast by temporary misfortunes, and under favourable conditions bombarded the enemy with such a hail of shots that they were thrown into utter confusion.

Howard and Phippen, the only substitutes possessed by the Blue and White, would have been classed as stars on any other team in the League. Howard figured as one of the surprises of the season in the last two games of the schedule. Owing to "Poke's" illness "Pudy" was given an opportunity of proving that all "Brotherly Love" is not of a Biblical nature.

### Hockey Notes

Further evidence of Collegiate superiority in hockey circles is produced in the fact that "Stan." Teskey and "Slats" Manore were veterans on the Grand Trunk and Point Edward teams respectively.

\* \* \*

Numerous rumours were rife regarding Prout's license to play for the Blue and White. Be it known to all that Harry is on the roster of the Technical School and any doubts as to his legibility are thereby dissolved.

\* \* \*

Snakewalks after the games were not so conspicuous this year as last. However the exuberant spirits of the "old timers" could not be repressed after the final game. The down-town section resounded far into the "wee sma' hours" with the crashing of tin pans and wild rehearsals of college yells.

\* \* \*

The Hockey Team take this opportunity of thanking the gentleman who has so generously donated the cheque for twenty-five dollars, as a token of his approbation of the fine sportsmanship displayed by the victors throughout the season.



### Field Day

The 1919 Field Day was without doubt the best in the history of the school. Of course it rained the day before the date set, making it impossible to use the track. The students, however, have become quite accustomed to postponing Field Day. Consequently, we were all once more patiently (?) resigning ourselves to the inevitable, when it was announced that some of the events would be run off on the school campus in the morning, in spite of the mud, and that the rest would be completed at some future date. Thus on Friday morning, October 10th, the students assembled on the campus and witnessed the boys' and girls' jumps, the shot put and the baseball throwing. School was resumed for the afternoon and the remainder of the events were left over until Wednesday afternoon, October 15th. Most of the students and teachers of the school and a few outsiders were present at Bayview Park on the afternoon of the 15th to applaud the splendid display of athletic ability. The number of entries was so great that most of the races had to be run off in two heats. Everything was keenly contested and fine sporting spirit was exhibited in every event.

Johnny LeBel, last year's Junior Champion, walked, or rather ran off with the Senior Boys' Championship by way of a change. He was without doubt the best runner on the track. At no time however was it absolutely certain who would emerge champion from the contest for Orville Johnson finished a close second. His pole-vaulting was a prominent feature of the day.

In the Junior Boys' Events, Charlie Grace and Ernest Williams finished the day a tie and were forced to compete in an extra event, the shot put. Charlie's powerful arm thereby gained him the Junior Boys' Shield.

Ione Caldwell came out on top in the wild scramble of Junior Girls' events. Margaret Dawson and Charlotte Towers finished close seconds, the latter displaying unusual jumping ability. Of course Upper School being THE form of the school was obliged to capture the Form Sshield for athletics. Although the form was somewhat handicapped by the small number of students enrolled therein, still those who were there did their utmost. It was rather unusual, and not a little amusing, to see some of the dignified Senior girls tearing down the track in the Form Relay to gain three more points for the Upper School. The Lower IV athletes were of the opinion all day long that the shield was to be theirs, but this the illustrious Upper School could never permit and consequently Lower IV received only honourable mention.



**"The Northerner"—Armstrong College of Durham University, Newcastle-on Tyne, England—**

"The Northerner" responded promptly and generously to our request for an exchange with copies of two latest issues. We heartily welcome this, our first correspondent in the Motherland. The poetry is excellent and the editorials thoughtful. The last few pages of the magazine indicate that life at Armstrong College is not without its lighter side.

**"The Alert"—Turlock High School, California—**

"The Alert" ranks highest among our High School exchanges. Its literary department is well developed and the humour bright. The magazine presents a fine appearance with numerous cuts and snaps to add to its interest.

One wintry morning, Mr. Brown came upon Wilfred Rice shovelling snow. "Wif" was working fast (?) on this particular Saturday because the story hour begins at 10.30 a.m.

Mr. Brown—"Working fast, aren't you, Rice"

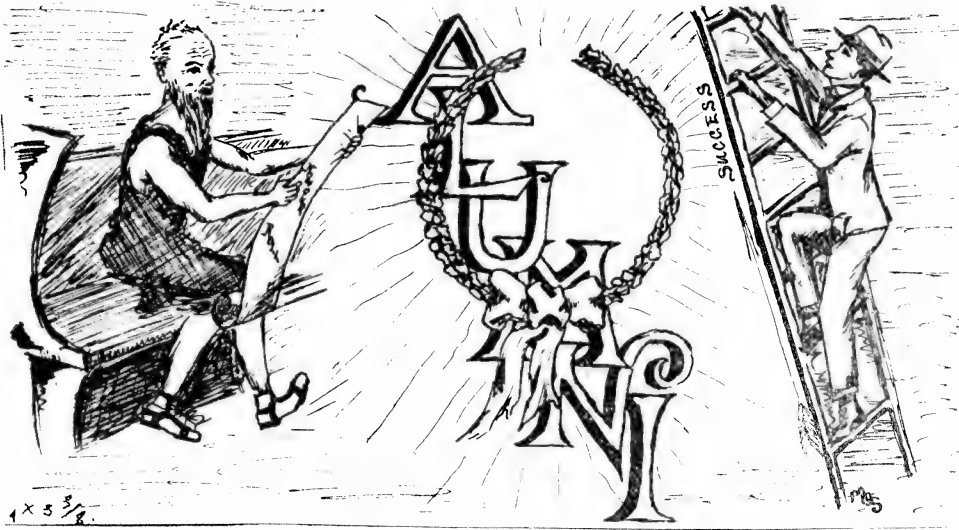
Wilfred—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Brown—"I suppose all the work you do is fast."

Wilfred—"Oh no, not exactly, but the hardest work I do is fasting."







Every year the school parts with numbers of its graduates but although time and distance separate them from us the old ties still bind them to their Alma Mater. To them starting out on new careers, we extend heartiest wishes of success in their various walks of life.

The Old Boys of the S. C. I. who are in Toronto Schools, have reorganized the society called the Sarnia Collegiate Alumni Association, for the purposes of advancement in Literary, Athletic and other phases of school life. The constitution was drawn up in October 1919, and since then several social functions have been held by the association. Among these was the Alumni Dance held in Sarnia during the Christmas vacation. This was largely attended by the students, ex-students, and friends of the S.C.I. We hope that this organization will continue to be a success and that the S. C. I. and the S. C. A. A. will keep in intimate contact with each other and so foster mutual interest in the activities of students and alumni alike.

### Our Upper School

The value of the Faculty Entrance course is being realized more and more every year, and the number of seekers after knowledge studiously bending over the shining desks of the Upper School is a record-breaker. No less than a score of students were present during the opening week, and although several of these have since left us for other spheres of action, some fifteen are finishing their courses.

Last year's Upper School is well represented this term. Mary McGeachy, not content with laurels won at Faculty Entrance, is back looking for new worlds to conquer in the way of Honours and Scholarships. Mina Knowles is working for Honour Matric., Lilian Fuller for Parts I and II, Faculty Entrance, and Helen Lockie for Part II. Gordon Carr, the sole male survivor of last year's class is striving to gain Faculty Entrance.

Several Pass Matriculants have settled in "the room off the office." Of these, Margaret Clark is taking Matric in Mathematics, Carl Manore, a literary course, and the rest having no aspirations in any special department, are content with Part I, Faculty Entrance. The Upper School class-roll is completed by Alice Callum, Mary Conn, Verna Fraser, Russel Harkness, Alex. Lucas, Marion Radford, Keith Watson.

May success crown their efforts!

### Personals

It is always interesting to learn of the whereabouts and activities of those who have been students, perhaps our own classmates at the old school. Many of these are still in Sarnia and familiar to us in every day life, but many others have left for other fields of opportunity, and it is with pleasure that we recall of them.

Of our latest graduates, namely, those of the Upper and Middle Schools of 1919, many have left the city to continue their studies in other schools and colleges. Toronto has claimed several of these. R. A. MacDougall is attending University College; Jimmie Paterson pursues his career at the School of Medicine; the School of Science has claimed Beatty Jennings; W. L. Duncan has chosen the School of Dentistry and Edward Ferguson is attending Victoria College.

London Normal School has enrolled many of last year's Normal Entrance students. The S. C. I. graduates attending this school are: Mary Clarke, Eileen and Mildred MacDonald, Clara McFerran, Effie Wray, Margaret McKay and Helen McKim.

Winsome Pendergast, who matriculated last July, has gone to St. Paul, Minnesota, for her University training.

The University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, has attracted three S.C.I. graduates. Frazeur Slater is in his second year, while Anna Gabler and Edward McCobb are Freshmen.

During the Fall Term the Upper School lost Beatrice Wilson when the family moved to Niagara Falls. Beatrice is now attending High School there.

John Bell is extending his Upper School training of last year by a study of farming at home.

Harriet Brault, of last year's Faculty Entrance Class, is now resting from her labours at her home in Wallaceburg.

Aileen Richardson attended Upper School for a short time after the school opened in September, but later stopped in order to pursue her study of music at home.

Helen Saurwein is at home this year.

Park Jamieson, one of last year's foremost matriculants, is reading law with John R. Logan of this city.

William B. Mitchell, another of Middle II's bright lights last year, is employed by the Grand Trunk.

Addie Bennett, having matriculated, has chosen a commercial school this year and is now in attendance at the Commercial Department.

Harwood Barclay pursues a pharmacist's course, being at present employed at Ingersoll's Drug Store.

Frank Wise, the only boy among last year's Commercial graduates, has entered upon a business career.

Nearly all of the Commercial graduates have accepted positions with business concerns in Sarnia or Port Huron. Those granted diplomas were Margaret Barclay, Olive Beatty, Gretta Bedford, Helen Brown, Jean Bulman, Leatha Clark, Gertrude Cleford, Bessie Fisher, Helen Fulcher, Grace Gardiner, Jean Kilbreath, Marjorie Lambert, Alma Langlois, Jessie McInnis, May McKeown, Muriel McMillan, Mabel Miller, Helen Simpson, Vera Smith, Myrtle Tricker, Ada Virgo, Mary Wadham and Frank Wise.

### Class of '18

Annie Jamieson and Isabel MacBean are both school teachers now, the former in kindergarten work in Hamilton and the latter in a rural district near Thedford.

Hilda Fritz is also understood to be teaching school having completed

her Normal School course last year.

Of the Middle School graduates of '18 Flora Dennis teaches near Camlachie and Pauline Wadsworth in the Devine Street Public School here.

London Normal School claims but one member of this class, Pauline Powell.

Harold Fuller is studying law with the local firm of Pardee, Burnham and Gurd.

Olive Gardiner and Beulah Leitch are in attendance at MacDonald Hall, Guelph, the former now in her second year.

Representatives of the Upper and Middle School Classes of '18 are found at the various universities. John Allen is at McGill, Bert Menzies and Douglas Bell at Toronto, and Arthur James at Western. Alex. Ingram is pursuing a pharmacist's course with the Ingersoll Drug Co. of this city.

Frances Young is employed at Mueller's Brass Works.

#### Class of '17

Many of the graduates of '17 are now well advanced in college courses, Willard Gray is at Royal Dents., Toronto, George Leckie at Western University, London; Herbert Elford at Victoria College, Toronto, and Stuart Henderson at Meds. Toronto.

Ardis Kennedy is at McGibbon's Drug Store and Muir Garroch at the Clement Drug Co. Katherine VanHorne also pursues this course in a Port Huron drug store.

Cladys Causley is teaching at Dryden, New Ontario.

Jessie Brown's rural school is near Camlachie.

Lieuellan Grace is on the staff of a kindergarten in Hamilton.

Jennie Merrison has a school near Corunna.

Edna Thomas teaches at Blackwell.

Sinclair Barber and David Stokes are employed in the drafting department at Mueller's.

Mueller's has employed another of the '17 graduates in the person of Vera LaPointe.

Edwin Storey is in Pitzer's store.

Cecil Watson fills a business position in Detroit.

Jean McNaughton holds a stenographic position in the local Royal Bank.

Dorothy Richardson is another '17 graduate who has found stenographic work here.

Bessie Patton is in the Royal Bank.

Jule MacVicar is at home at present.

#### Class of '16

Edith Lambert is in her third year at Varsity.

Lyle Fawcett is at Toronto University. Ross Gray and Art LeBel attend Osgoode Hall and Lorne Burrell, Dents College.

Robert A. McGeachy is in attendance at the Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio.

Howard Crawford is in Hamilton with the Soldier's Reconstruction work.

Bert MacDonald, B. A. is employed in the civil service at Ottawa.

Lloyd Beatty takes a Medical course at Western.

Jessie Sharpe teaches at Ebert.

Marjorie Cook conducts the night classes in Moderns in this city.

Lyle Tremells has sought his fortune in the West.

Dorothy Newton and Laurretta Barge are teaching kindergarten in Hamilton.

Bill Paterson is taking an engineering course at Toronto.

Nadine Bates is employed as stenographer in the City Hall.

Gertrude Graham is taking a business course at her home in Stratford.  
Marion Barrie is at her home in the city.

#### Class of '15

Marion Kerr moved to her new home in Nova Scotia after her marriage, in the fall.

Fred Galbraith is carrying on Galbraith's grocery business in the city.

Ray Donohue attends Osgoode Hall.

Allan Campbell is now at Royal Dents. College.

Charles Carruthers, M. D. C. M. is now in Star City, Sask.

Walter and Calvert Carruthers are at Queen's, the former in his last and the latter in his fourth year.

Jean Graham teaches at her home in Stratford.

Jean Lucas is employed as stenographer at the Customs office here.

Mabel Brown teaches school at Brigden.

\* \* \*

There are many who graduated before 1915 whose present whereabouts and activities are interesting to their former classmates as well as those interested in the Alumni of the S. C. I. In most cases it was impossible to trace the year of their graduation from the school.

Douglas Logie is practising with his father, Dr. Wm. Logie.

Charles Weir studies law in Toronto.

Lyle LeSueur is practising law in the city.

Jimmie Wilson conducts a drug store in Windsor.

Wm. McCart is employed at the Sarnia Salt Block.

Douglas Proctor follows an engineering course in the School of Practical Science, Toronto.

James Spearman fills a business position in Detroit.

Edith Storey is employed in stenographic work in Port Huron.

William Knowles is in the real estate business in the city.

Sinclair Battley, M.D. is practising medicine in the Toronto General Hospital.

Walter Rigsby, now married, is at Calgary, Alta., with the Imperial Oil Co.

Percy Tanner practises law in Regina, Sask.

Judith Pendergast is managing a Wire Fence Factory in Stillwater, Minnesota.

Verna Rhodes teaches at Stewart, Sask.

"Dolly" Spearman is now Mrs. Douglas Stewart of Detroit, Mich.

Lyle McGurk is in the drug business in Winnipeg, Man.

James C. Crawford practices Medicine in Toronto.

Myrtle Moshier is now married and living near Hamilton.

E. M. Proctor is with an engineering concern in Toronto.

Harry Nisbet is with the Imperial Oil Co., here.

B. Leckie teaches High School at Smith's Falls.

Mary Wismer is with the Bank of Montreal here.

Margaret Hanna lives now in her own home in New York.

E. M. Fleming is now married and living in the West.

Marion Cowan is an alchemist in Detroit.

Wm. Cheyne is a Major on Graves Registration Commission, France.

#### Faculty

Miss Muriel G. Oakley who left her English Department in the S.C.I. five years ago is now Mrs. George Sinclair of Toronto.

Miss M. O'Donohue is teaching in Windsor Collegiate, where she went on leaving Sarnia.

Mr. A. Wallace is attending Queen's University.

Miss M. Harvey teaches at St. Thomas C. I. We enjoyed a visit from

her when the St. Thomas Rugby Team played here in October.

Mr. A. M. Overholt, former principal of the S. C. I. left us in 1918 for Brantford C. I. where he still holds the principalship.

Miss Lilian Campbell who taught us Moderns for four years now teaches on a Toronto Collegiate staff.

Miss Minnie Campbell and Mr. J. B. C. Runnings are both taking courses at Queen's.

Miss Carmen, who left us at Christmas time, is now at her home in Iroquois, Ont.

Mr. McLellan is employed in business in Toronto.



#### Snaps We Would Like to Have:

Carl Manore hastily gathering up miscellaneous bits of wearing apparel, souvenirs, etc. off the main street of Paris when his suitcase broke open just five minutes before the radial started way up the hill.

Middle 2 faces when Mr. Brown appears to take on precious study for an Algebra lesson.

The upturned noses of Upper School Zoology class when Mr. Dent says "Today the class will dissect the crayfish."

Carr and Randolph in the dark deserted Guelph City Square at one o'clock one Sunday morn, with but a hazy idea of the direction of their billets, singing hilariously, "Down on the Old St. Clair!"

The mystified Lower I innocents examining the Greek left on their blackboard by a roaming member or two of the Middle 2 Greek quartette.

Upper School girls dancing "The Minuet."

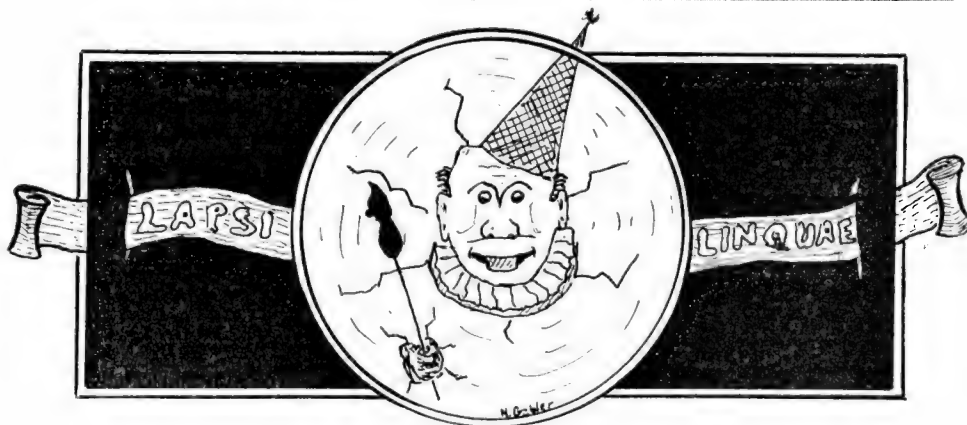
Ted Newton strangling over the joke column.

Miss Cook beaming at "Poke" McGibbon.

"Buzz" Hayes experimenting with nitric acid.

Teddy Kinsman trying to break his camera on the victims around the S. C. I.

Sonny Wilkinson experimenting on his capacity for ice cream.



### "When the Jokes Came In"

'Twas a very ancient chestnut  
 Unearthed by Lower three:—  
 The Editor of jokes looked up,  
 "Whence came this wheeze?" quoth he.

"Whence came this old familiar friend?"  
 He cried 'mid fearful din;  
 "Methinks in Lower School 'twas penned,  
 Some Freshie sent it in."

The printers wait impatiently;  
 The type is in the forms;  
 The other write-ups are all in;  
 And Miss McGeachy storms:

And Donohue now madly raves,  
 And wildly tears his hair;  
 "These chestnuts should be in their graves,—  
 They're old enough, I swear!"

Mr. Reid (in Middle 2 study of "Love among the Ruins") "—breath-  
 less, dumb,

Till I come"—To who mdoes the poet refer, the king or the girl?"

Gordon Mackenzie—"Well, a girl couldn't be truthfully spoken of a  
 dumb, could she?"

Irregular verbs the Freshies have learned:

Dogo, dogere.—pupsi—bitum

Gingo,—gingere, gingerbread—givussum

Skato, slippere, falli, bumptum.

Mr. Dent—"Where did you put my High School Zoology, Miss Fuller?"

Lilian—"Why, it's in the other room, if it's there."

Hib. Corey—"How long can a goose stand on one foot?"

Ione—"Why don't you try it and see?"

Miss MacRae in Upper School French Authors—"Never mind asking  
 Watson to help you Carr. Either stand up or fall down on your onw feet."

Robinson—"Say, Miss Story, I don't know whether I am Scotch or Irish."

Miss Story—"Why Eddie! you don't mean to say you have a chance to be Scotch and are not taking it!"

Ted Newton (translating unprepared Greek)—"The dawn—the dawn."

Mr. Grant—"Yes, yes, go on."

Ted—"The dawn—was beginning to break—"

Mr. Grant—"Well—go on."

Ted—"The dawn was beginning to break——"

Mr. Grant—"Pshaw! Sit down until you see daylight!"

Extract from a first year essay—"The first thing that makes Sarnia's future bright is her advantageous situation. Our city is situated at the bottom of Lake Huron."

Miss Story, in "Macbeth" study—"Cawdor was a brave nan, both living and dead."

#### What's in a Name?

Geoffrey James Wentworth Brydon

Helen Blaer Clark Pardee

Thomas Samuel Harvey Graham

Arthur Sturgis Hardy Hill

Theodore Francis Moorehouse Newton

Melba Jean McKee Grant Brown

Charles William Selkirk Grace

John Averill Tupper Baldwin

Jessie Anna Evelyn McGeachy

Ivan Edwin Lindsay Caldwell

David Charles North Howard

Walter Baden Powell Potter

Mr. Brown—"Don't you know that that excuse is pretty old?"

MacLean Morrison—"Yes, sir, that's why I selected it. We should respect age you know."

Teskey—"Where did you get this cigar?"

Stewie Richardson—"Bought it at Storey's Tobacco Store."

Teskey—"They must have sold you the one the wooden Indian used to smoke."

In a Lit. Executive Meeting: Carl—"Some of you seem to think that in this Executive half do the work and the other half do nothing. As a matter of fact, the reverse is the case."

Mr. Winhold—"What does metamorphic granite become?"

Conn—"I don't know, sir."

Mr. Winhold—"You have a nice (gneiss) head, Conn."

First Freshie—"I wonder if we will be initiated."

Second Freshie—"No, I don't think so."

First Freshie—"Why?"

Second Freshie—"I just heard Caldwell say that the last time there was an initiation the cadets were kept busy for three weeks turning out to funeral parades."

### Heard But Not Believed

"Buz" Hayes—"I had a headache."

Dupee—"I burned my hand and couldn't write."

Miles Gordon—"The clock was slow again."

Galloway—"Worked for five hours and then ran out of gas."

Part I, Upper School (chorus) "Couldn't find time, Mr. Graham."

"Dutch" Simpson—"I didn't know that we had to do that."

"Mina Knowles—"No, I didn't do a bit of work last night."

Johnny LeBel—"I had some business to attend to last night."

George Hamilton—"Why, I wasn't here for the last lesson."

Mr. Grant was vainly struggling to teach the Latin tenses in Lower 4. Finally he tried an example. "Flaherty, if you said 'I love to go to school', what would you be expressing?"

Vince—"A lie."

Miss MacRae in French Class in a very grieved tone—"Now after this I am not going to allow any student to sit together."

George—"Isn't she a dream? A complexion like a peach! Such melting eyes! That tiny roesbud mouth! The tempting smile!"

Bill—"Who? Where?"

George—"Why that wax model over there in that store window."

Sensational Items in "The Sarnia Canadian-Observer," April 1, 1935.

Carl Lawrence, the great Multi-Millionaire, found murdered in his bed. Delmar Dupee held on suspicion. Police Officer Camsell discovers body.

Another hold-up last night! Mr. F. Simpson, a prominent citizen, was held up and robbed of his valuable Ingersoll Maple Leaf Watch and two ginger ale checks. It is thought to have been the work of the notorious Cold-Blooded Carter.

At the Scandinavian Opera House—The great film star, Mr. Orval Johnston, supported by Miss Evelyn Burge in "Rattlesnake Razzberry," the suffocating new serial. If your hair must rise sit in the back seat.

Miss Harris—"The peculiarity about the Yellow river is that it changes its course so often."

Hamilton—"Huh, it must be a female river!"

### Old Stuff

"Sit down till I see if you are all here."—D. M. Grant.

"Oh, did I tell you that Wilfred—" —Lizzie Haney.

"Well, but why?"—Margaret McLean.

"Now this apparatus is very expensive."—Mr. Dent.

"Can the crabbing!"—Captain of the Second Football Team.

"When do we eat?"—"Fat" Carter.

"Knock him down for a goal!"—Bill Donohue.

"Go just as far as you like"—Middle I.

"Oh, are you going alone?"—Elgin Turnbull.

"The limit in this game is a nickel"—Middle 2.

"The lid is on here"—Lower 5.

"Just feel my temples"—Ted Newton.

"Where's Tennyson's Works? I want "Twelfth Night."—Melba Brown

"I just happened to think"—Hardy Hill.



### What You See When You Go To—

The Public Library—John Baldwin.  
 Manley's—Alex. Melville.  
 Pitzer's—Orv. Johnston.  
 The gym.—Harry McCobb.  
 The Crescent—"Pudy" Howard.  
 Virgo's—Charlie Sole.  
 The detention room—the Heffron trio.  
 Jamieson's Confectionery—Marion Patton and Manetta Cairns.  
 St. Andrew's Rink—Miss MacRae.  
 The Typewriting Room—Vera Mills.  
 Watson's—Frank McDonald.  
 The Hockey Games—Evelyn Burge and Walter Potter.  
 The "National"—Bud Phippen.  
 The Science Room—Louis Galloway.  
 Middle 2—"The Collegiate" Staff.  
 Down Front Street—Dadie Clark.

### Want Ads.

Lilian Fuller—a safety vault for lead pencils, etc.  
 Frances Grace—a classroom on the ground floor.  
 Miss Harris—a class with prepared homework.  
 "Davey"—a pair of rubbers.

Bessie Grace—help.  
 The Editors—a rest!

Information which will lead to the apprehension of "Rector" Newton, who has stolen the hearts of the nurses at St. Joseph's Hospital, London, and a certain Sarnia music teacher by that "cute" face beaming out of the B. A. A. group.

A handsome reward is offered for the detention of two dangerous lunatics lately escaped from London East. When last seen they were galloping barefooted through the snow banks which cover the S. C. I. campus. These victims of Luna were formerly inhabitants of Lower 2 and Middle 1. It is thought that the approach of exams has drawn them back to visit their old haunts.

### What Our Aspiring Students Live For

George Barge—to be the long-legged sport in clothing ads.  
 Melba Brown—to be a palmist.  
 "Rouge" Caldwell—to control that blush.  
 Bill Donohue—to kiss the Blarney stone.  
 Frieda Taylor—to star in Grand Opera.  
 Winifred Mackness—to be a chemist.  
 Dave Howard—to rival Caruso.  
 Alice Callum—to become a hockey champion.  
 Walter Morris—to be Thomas A. Edison, the second.  
 Jack Richardson—to be a minister.  
 Sheldon Banwell—to write dime novels.  
 Jean Woodward—to be a school marm.  
 Alex. Lucas—to flirt with the girls.  
 Winifred Crawford—to tend goal for the Humbug Hockey team.  
 Hib. Corey—to shimmy.  
 Hazel Elnor—to become a "prominent" speaker.  
 Peggy Deans—to establish a home for friendless dogs.

### Inside Dope

"Teddy" Kinsman our noted dramatist has contracted to play the juvenile roles in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

\* \* \*

Marion Patton and Manetta Cairns have offered their services to the Woman's Suffrage League to do picket duty at the Parliament Buildings.

\* \* \*

Stan. Manore is at present engaged in looking up suitable sites in the wilds of Point Edward to operate the moonshining plants which he contemplates.

\* \* \*

Misses Margaret Dawson and Ione Caldwell have completed arrangements through their business manager, Mr. Shrimp Gardiner, to attend the Olympic Games at Antwerp.

\* \* \*

Wellington has been offered a position as "constibule" at Camlachie. He is as yet undecided whether he will accept.

\* \* \*

Lizzie Haney, anticipating a great future for Froomefield, plans to operate a jitney service between New York and that village.

\* \* \*

Norman Weston and Fred Pugh have been approached by the representatives of the Punk Pills Co. who desires to secure their services as illustrators for the spring almanac.

\* \* \*

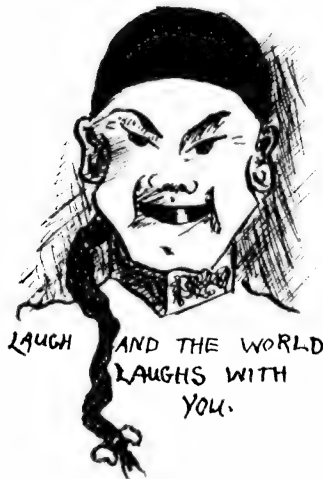
Bruce Carruthers, when through with the S. C. I. intends to accept a position with the Fluffy Furrier Company. He is to operate their branch in the Fiji Islands.

\* \* \*

Misses Leila Fraser, Margaret McMann and Bernice Knowles have been engaged by Monsieur Ivan Awfulitch to play the leading roles in his new opera "Bolshevik." The musicians intend to leave shortly for Omsk where the opera is being produced.

\* \* \*

The members of the "Basney String Trio" announce that they received the same offer but refused it, as they did not consider that Monsieur Awfulitch's production did justice to their talents.



## S. C. I. CELEBRITIES

On skates "Chic" Garvey is a dream;  
The boys they yell, the girls they scream,  
When "Chic" captures the puck,  
And with best of good luck,  
Shoots a goal for the hockey team.

\* \* \*

A smiling face has Gordon Carr.  
Each chilly morn he journeys far  
From country to city.  
'Twould be a great pity  
"Smiling Cavalier's" grin to mar.

\* \* \*

Marion Patton, maiden stern,  
From giddy ways would others turn.  
She would have more success  
In her mission, I guess,  
If Middle Two girls wished to learn.

\* \* \*

Ken. McGibbon as "Poke" we know;  
He's faster than his name would show.  
Rugby and hockey fans  
Beat tom-toms and tin cans,  
When Kenny cries, "Fellows, let's go!"

\* \* \*

In Middle Two is a clever dame,—  
If you're not Scotch don't say her name—  
But wherever we go,  
You will see we all know  
Jessie McGeachy, just the same.

\* \* \*

Jack Richardson knocks out his knee  
At every opportunity;  
With a cane he'll then walk  
When it comes to his talk,  
A comical lad is "Ritchie."

\* \* \*

Helen Lockie is very calm;  
Her soothing presence is a balm.  
Marion Radford, too  
Is one of the quiet few,  
They both from teachers take the palm.

\* \* \*

A dignified, imposing air,  
Becoming to a New York Mayor,  
Acquires Carl C. Manore  
When he takes to the floor  
Or the Lit. Presidential chair.

\* \* \*

Grace Sharpe is a Middle Two dame,  
With hair as ruddy as a flame;  
Treasurer of the Lit.,  
Grace's success of it  
Was resounded with loud acclaim.

Ken. Sproule develops our snapshots—  
 Those pictures fierce which flatter not  
     But reveal the sad truth,  
     We hear too, in good sooth,  
 At the Athletic Meet he'd trot.

\* \* \*

Lilian Fuller plays basketball  
 On defence post she carries all.  
     Her combine with "Dadie"  
     In the fastest melee  
 Is a terror to baskets tall.

\* \* \*

Margaret Deans is "Peggy" named  
 Her merry grin is widely famed.  
     To Commercial each day  
     She now wends her way,  
 For in business she would be trained.

\* \* \*

Ted Newton plays on several things,  
 As Rugby teams and mandolins.  
     Now he takes many snaps,  
     He's as speedy at that  
 As he was on the Inside Wings.

\* \* \*

Middle Two girls have nearly died  
 From chocolates Wilfred Rice supplied.  
     With unreasoning calls  
     In Cadet squad to fall  
 Wilfred's peace is now sorely tried.

\* \* \*

"Pudy" Howard on forward line,  
 Shoots goals and baskets just sublime.  
     He attends all the dances,  
     And there gayly prances,  
 With a different girl each time.

\* \* \*

If you watch "Skipper" out of school  
 You'll understand why he's not cool;  
     He puffs his manly pipe  
     With sailor's main and might,—  
 Though, here of course, he keeps the rule!

---

Mr. Dent—"What did you learn from that experiment?"

"Red" Thompson—"That beakers cost fifty cents each."

---

Miss Cook (in study period)—"Haven't you any work to do, Hayes?"  
 Sandy—"Yes, but Galloway hasn't finished his yet."

---

Miss MacRae—"Are you just coming in, Randolph?"  
 Harry—"Yes sir,—er— I mean, no mam,—er, I'm not sure; I think I was."

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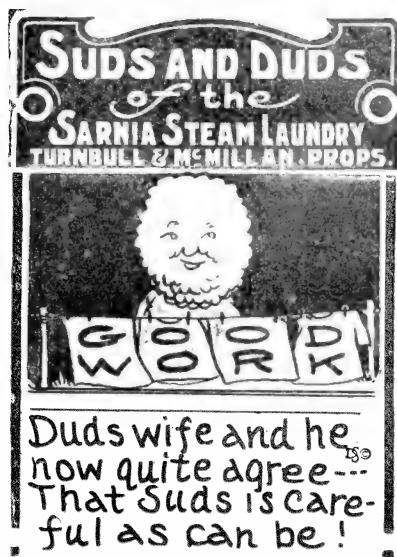
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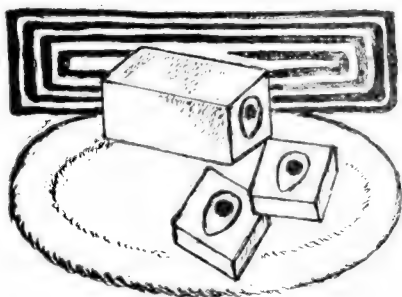
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Miles Gordon—"Oh, that's what you have when you wake up at 9.15 and remember that it is Saturday."

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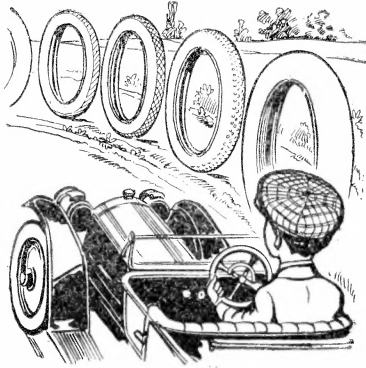
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"Ted Lyons—"I am"

Miss Story—"Tell us about her."

"Ted"—She is a dear little movie actress with long, dark curly hair—"

Miss Story—"Yes, but her roles—"

"Ted"—"Oh, she doesn't wear them!"

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# **UNITED THEATRES**

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